

The Second BOOK of the
Pleasant Musical Companion;
Being a Choice Collection of *A. 4/2. f.*
CATCHES,
For Three and Four VOICES.

Compos'd by Dr. *John Blow*, the late Mr. *Henry Purcell*, and other Eminent Masters.

The Fifth Edition, Corrected and much Enlarged.

L O N D O N:

Printed by *William Pearson* for *Henry Playford*, and sold by him at his House in *Arc*
street in the Strand; and *J. Hare* at the Golden Viol and Flute in *Cornhill*. 1707.

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The following is a list of the
 objects in the collection of the
 British Museum which are
 now in the possession of the
 Trustees of the British Museum
 and are available for the use of
 the public.
 LONDON:
 Printed by the Trustees of the British Museum
 and sold by them at their House in Strand.
 1797.

To all Gentlemen and others who Incourage
and Frequent Musical Meetings and Clubs in City and Country.

Gentlemen,

E H T

TH E several *Catches* which are contain'd in the following Sheets, having already when separate, been favoured with Your Approbations, I could not but Address my self to You for Your Patronage, now they are Compild together. Custom has given Authority to the Request I am making to You; and as Your Encouragements of Things of this Nature has been General, I beg the Honour of having it Extended to my poor Endeavours in serving the Public. And since You are Celebrated by all that are known to You, for Patterns of true Friendship, I cannot but ask Your Acceptance of that which is design'd for the Promotion of it, and beg leave to Subscribe my self,

Gentlemen,

Your most Obedient Servant,
Henry Playford.

T H E

T H E
P R E F A C E.

THough neither the Design of the following Papers, nor the Matter which is contain'd in them, stand in need of any thing previous in their Behalf, yet since Custom has almost made it necessary that something should be said in their Recommendation, the Publisher thinks himself oblig'd to give the Reader some Account of what he submits to his Perusal. The Design therefore, as it is for a General Diversion, so it is intended for a general Instruction, that the Persons who give themselves the Liberty of an Evenings Entertainment with their Friends, may exchange the Expence they shall be at in being Sociable, with the Knowledge they shall acquire from it; and their Understanding will be encreased, and a true Friendship may be establish'd among them. The Matter in respect to the Words, owes its Birth to the best Authors; and in respect to the Music, has the most Consummate Masters for its Composers; nor is there any thing which does Violence to good Manners, or commits a Rape, on good Sense in it, but what forwards the Establishment of good Company, the Promotion of good Music, and the Advancement of good Words, which will neither give Offence to the nicest Judgments, or be ingrateful to the most delicate and distinguishing Ears.

Thus much he thought was necessary, without any farther Vindication, than the Great Names of the Persons who oblig'd the World with the Words, and those who (if any thing can add to such Finish'd Pieces) have given a Lustre to them by their Musical Composures; as Dr. Blow, and the late Famous Mr. Henry Purcell, whose Catches have deservedly gain'd an Universal Applause.

To

To my Friend, Mr. Henry Playford, on the Publication of his Book
of Catches, and his design in Establishing a Weekly Club for the ad-
vancement of Music.

ONce more the Grateful Muse her Thoughts prepares;
Nor shall *once more* suffice for Playford's Cares;
His kind Endeavours he *continues* & shows,
And *Endless* shou'd be what the Muse bestows.
Permit me then, obliging Friend, to raise
My Voice again; to sing thy growing Praise,
And introduce thy lasting Gift to Fame,
Whose *Worth's* its Pass-port, and whose *Choice* its Claim.
Whose Mirth adds Pleasure to the sparkling Wine,
And gives a nobler Lustre to the Vine;
Whilst to thy Care the Vinner owes his Gain,
And we thy Friends, that we forget our Pain,
As lost in Joys, and Extasies of Sound,
Our Friendship Circles as the Glass goes round.
'Tis true, thy * last Attempt was well design'd,
And gain'd its wish'd effect on ev'ry Mind.
As it *Purg'd* off the Cares that clog'd our Breasts,
And eas'd our Troubles, and our Grief suppress'd.
But not Content our Sorrows to destroy,
Thou feed'st us with a fresh Regale of Joy;
And that thou may'st thy Patient's Health ensure,
Giv'st him Preservatives to back his Cure.
So, *Ratchiff* having Master'd the Disease,
And Chas'd the Foe, Retreating by Degrees,
Quits not his Patient's Care, but strictly views
What *Holds* unfortify'd, for Death to chuse,
And with fresh Cordials strengthens ev'ry Part,
That *Nature* may not yield, for want of Art.

W. P.

To my Friend Mr. Playford, on his Book of Catches, and his design
in setting up a Weekly Club for the Encouragement of Music and
good Fellowship.

SO, Now this is something that's like to be taking,
For Music's the Devil without Merry-making.
A Pox on lean Scraping, and Thrumming, and Trilling,
What Delight can it give, without Stuffing and Swilling?
When our Ears must be fill'd and our Bellies be starv'd,
He's a Fool to some Tune, who will e're be thus serv'd.
Friend Harry, thy Fore-sight prevents this Abuse,
Making that which has Sweetness, be likewise of Use;
As the Glass handed forward, puts forward the Song,
And gives Life to the Senses, and Strength to the Tongue.
Dear Rogue, let me kiss thee, for I vow and protest,
I'm so pleas'd with thy Project, it can't be express'd:
Thy Book's made of Rapture, and Just's thy Design,
Which gives Floods of Joy, with Floods of good Wine.
Nor can it e're fail of Success, that is certain,
While Topers are valu'd, and Songsters have Fortune;
While there's Goodness in Claret, or Joy to be found
In the sweetness of Friendship, or sweetness of Sound.
While Celia's soft Thoughts are as kind as her Mother's,
And she breaks her own Voice for the sake of another's;
And to make it as lasting as Project can e'er be,
While you Traders drink Wine, and we Poets swill Dabby.

From Mr. Steward's, at
the Hole in the Wall, in
Balwin's Gardens.

T. B.

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An Alphabetical Table

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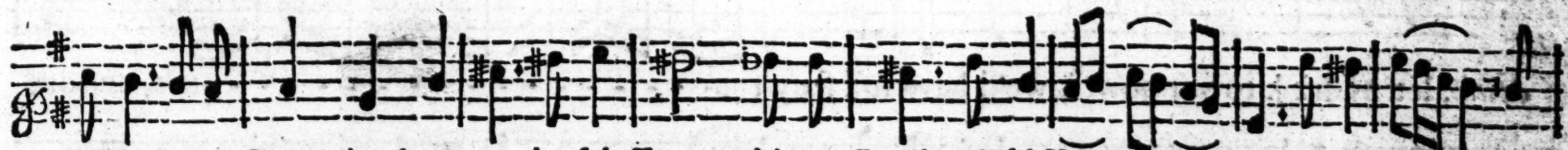
(I) A. 3. *Voc. Catch on the Battle at Hailbron by Mr. Herbert.*
Sett to M U S I C K by Dr. John Blow.



Ome here's a good Health to Prince *Lewis* the Brave, the Prince that has Buri'd the Turks in the



Save, for drinkers of Wa—ter a suitable Grave; both the old and new Turk are here overthrown, now my



Jolly, Jolly, Comrades, have at the fair Town, with our Bombs of old Hock will we batter it down, the



Danube, the *Danub's* our Slave once a—gain, a Greater then *Xerxes* has thrown in his Chain, and the



Heydelburg Tun shall close the Compain.

Thorow Bass.

(2) *A 3. Voc.*

[*On the King's coming home.*]

Dr. John Blow.



Ring, ring the Bells and the Glasses pull away, Ring, ring the Bells and the Glasses pull away, pull a—



—way, he that leads, we will set all, all the Vessels in the House, all, all, all the Vessels in the House on their



heads; 'tis a grand Pitcher pull away, pull away, 'tis a grand, grand Pitcher Day; drink, let us drink, drink



drink, let us drink to our power, we'll have full sixty rou- - - - -nds, and out



do, out do the Tower, our King we have again, ring the Bells, our King we have again, now all your



Pitchers clatter, clatter, clatter, clatter, elatter, clatter, and may he, and may he like Gideon, all,



all, all, all, all his E—nimies scatter.

(3) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch upon our Victory at Sea.]

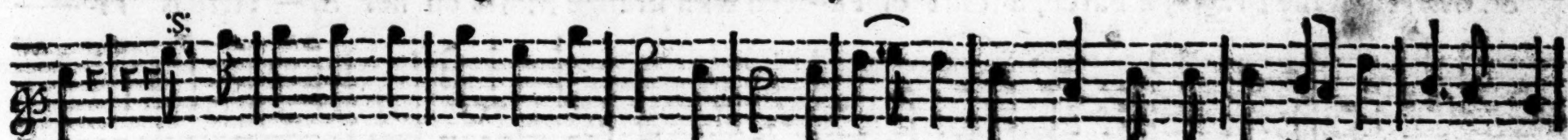
Dr. John Blow.



I Know Brother Tar, I know Brother Tar, those *French* durst not stand us; nor the Dastardly I--risk once



venture to land us; if we Bang not such scoundrels may a stor- - - - - m ri- - - - - se and strand



us. But the Boson's shrill whistle cryes all, all, all, all hands a-lost Boyes, and a Boat full of Punch is a



rich mornings draught Boyes; now tope we catt Harpin, now tope we catt Harpin, and then fore and aft Boyes,



Brother Bluff, Brother Bluff, 'tis a Gallon, 'tis a Gallon that now, now, now, now is a sinking, to our



Landmen who ne-ver yet knew, what was shrinking, we'll Cover our Descent with Huzzas, Huz--



--zas and dow- - - - - n drinking.

(4) A 4. Voc.

[Second Part of Bartholomew-Fair.]

Dr. Blow.



Here are the Ra--ri-ties of the whole Fair, *Pimperle-Pimp*, and the wise *Dancing Mare*; here's valiant



St. George and the *Dragon*, a Farce, a Girl of Fif-teen with strange Moles on her Ar— Here is Vi—



—en-na besieg'd, a rare thing, and here's *Punchi-nel-lo*, shown thrice to the King. Ladies mask'd to the



the Cloysters re-pair; but there will be no Raffling, a Fox take the Mayor.

(5) A 3. Voc.

[The Kings Health.]

Dr. John Blow.



GOD preserve His Ma--je--sty, and for e—ver send him Victo—ry, and confound all his Enemies,



Repeat Amen all the while t his Catch
is Singing, resting four Crotchets.

take off your Hock, Sir

Amen.



A Health, a Health to the Nut-brown Lads, with the Hazle Eyes; she that has good Eyes, has



al-fo good Thighs, let it pass, let it pass: As much to the live-lier Gray, they're as good by night as



day; she that has good Eyes, has al-fo good Thighs, drink away, drink away: I'll pledge, Sir, I'll pledge,



what ho! some Wine, here! some Wine; to mine, and to thine; to thine, and to mine; the Colours



are Divine: But Oh! the black Eyes, the black, give me as much again, and let it be Sack; she that



has good Eyes, has al-fo good Thighs, and a better knack.

(7) A. 3. Voc.

[Galloping Joan.]

Dr. John Blow.



Joan has been Galloping, galloping, galloping, Joan has been galloping all the Town o're;



till her Bumfiddle, Bumfiddle, Bumfiddle, until her Bumfiddle was wonderous sore; without e're



a Saddle upon her old Jade, to fetch her good Man from the Ale-house trade.

(8) A. 3. Voc.

[Kind Jenny.]

Dr. John Blow.



I'll tell my Mother my Jenny cries and then a poor languishing Lover dies; but ye-faith I be—



—lieve the Gipsy lies, for all she is so grave and wise: She longs to be tickl'd, to be tickl'd, to be



tickl'd, she longs to be tickl'd; Oh! she longs to be tickl'd,

(9) A. 3. Voc.

[A Yorkshire Epitaph on two Abby-Lubbers.]

Dr. John Blow.



U Ds nigs! here ligs *John Digs*, and *Richard Digger*, and to say the truth, to say the truth, none know



which was the bigger; they fared well, and lived easie, and now they're dead, and now they're dead,



and now they're dead, and shall please ye.

(10) A. 3. Voc.

[In praise of the Punch-Bowl.]

Dr. John Blow.



H Ow shall we speak thy praise, delicious Bowl, thou cheer'st the Heart and thou inspir'st the Soul ;



not *Jove* of *Nectar* so Divine can boast, *Am-bro-sia* is in-si-ped to thy Toast: Drink here you sons



of Wit, and you will own, the *Punch-Bowl* is the on-ly He-li-con.

(11) A. 3. Voc.

[A Chiding Catch.]



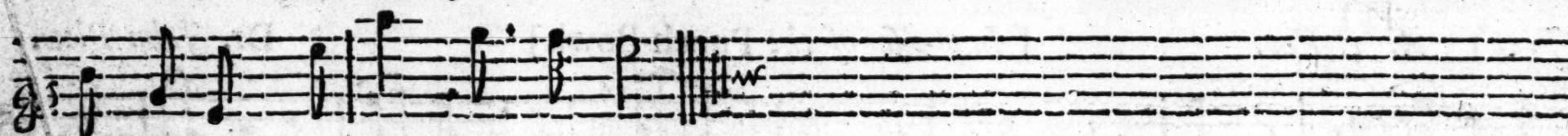
FY! nay! prithee *John!* do not quarrel, man! let's be merry, and drink about: You're a Rogue



you've cheated me, I'll prove before this Company, I caren't a Farthing, Sir, for all you are so



stout. Sir, you lye, I scorn your word, or a—ny Man that wears a Sword, for all you huff, who



cares a T—, or who cares for you.

(12) A. 3. Voc.

[On Mun Saint.]

Mr. Mich. Wise.



STrange News from the *Rose* Boys, never hear'd before Boys, Saint upon a Sunday, he play'd a—



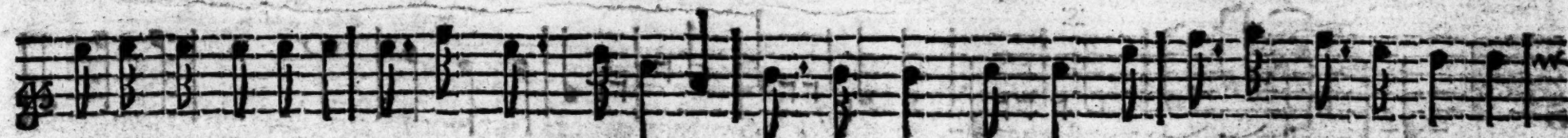
—way his Cloaths Boys, never such a Saint was there ever hear'd before Boys.



Here's that will challenge all the Fair, come buy my Nuts and Damsons, my Burgamy Pear; here's the



Whore of Ba-by-lon, the De-vil and the Pope, the Girl is just a go-ing on the Rope: Here's



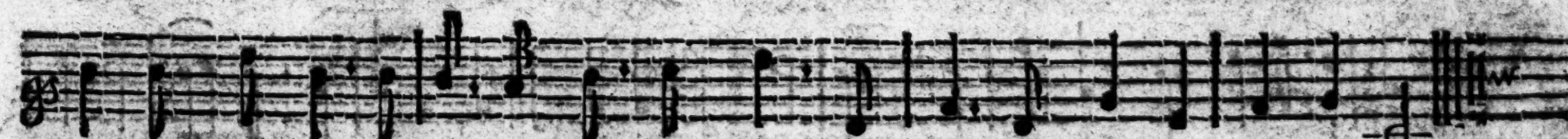
Drus and La-zarus, and the World's Creation, here's the Dutch Woman, the like's not in the Nation;



here is the Booth where the tall Dutch Maid is, here are Bears that dance like a-ny La-dies:



To-ta, to-ta tot, goes the lit-tle penny Trumpet, here's your Ja-cob Hall that can jump it, jump it;



sound Trumpet sound, a fil-ver Spoon and Fork; come here's you dainty Pig and Pork.



SUM up all the Delights, sum up all, all, sum up all the Delights the World does produce, the Darling



Allurements now chiefly in use; you'll find when compar'd, there's none can contend, with the so-lid En-



—joyments of Bot-tle and Friend: For Honour, or Wealth, or Beauty may waste, those Joys often



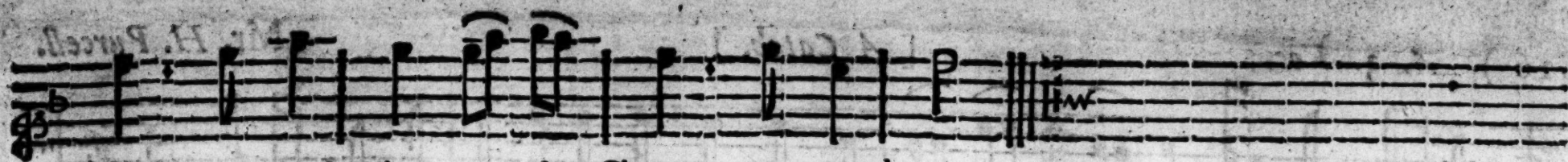
fade, but rarely do last; they're so hard to at-tain, and so ea-si-ly lost, that the Pleasure ne'er



answers the Trouble and Cost. None like Wine, none like Wine, and true Friendship, are lasting and



sure, from Jealousie free, and from En-vy secure; then fill up the Glasses un-til they run o'er a



Friend and good Wine are the Charms we a—dore.

(15) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Henry Purcell.



Wine, Wine in a Morning makes us Fro-lick and Gay, that like Eagles we soar in the



Pride of the Day; Gouty Sots in the Night on-ly find a decay. 'Tis the Sun ripens the Grape, and



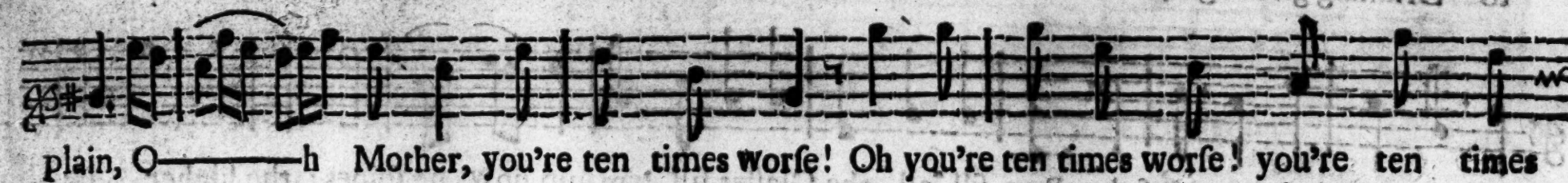
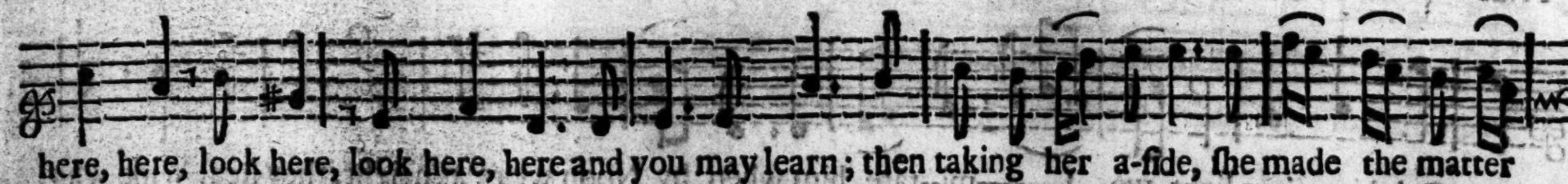
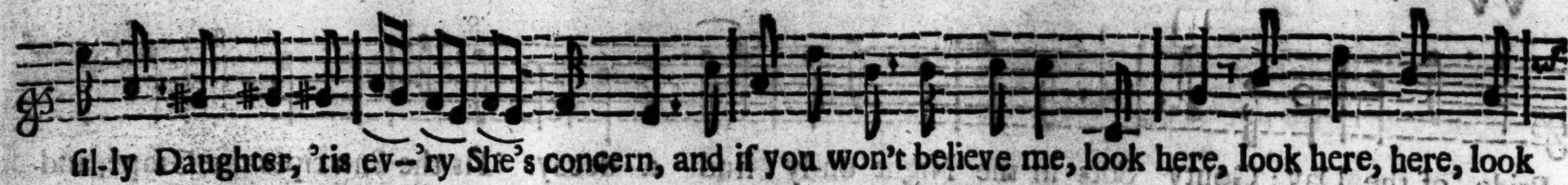
to Drinking gives light, we I—mi—rate him when by Noon we're at height, they steal Wine who



take it when he's out of sight. Boy, fill all the Glasses fill 'em up now he shines; the higher he



rises, the more he re-fines; but Wine and Wit palls, as their Ma-ker de—clines,





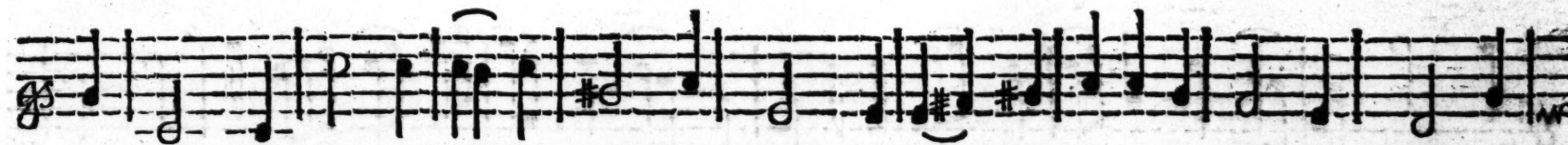
Prithee ben't so sad and ser'ous, nothing's got by Grief or Cares; Melanchol-ly's too imperious;



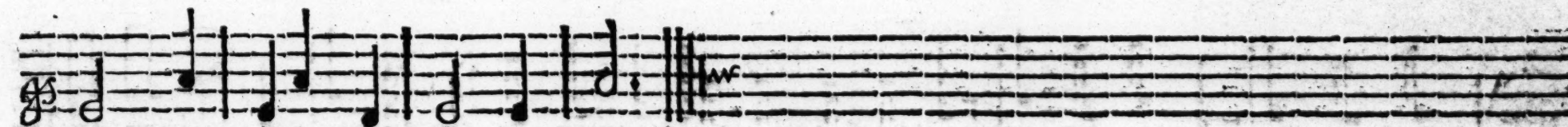
where it comes, still do-mi-neers : But if Bus'ness, Love, or Sorrow, that pos-sesses thus thy mind;



bid 'em come a—gain to morrow, we are now to Mirth inclin'd, let the Glas ru—n



its round, and each good fellow keep his ground, and if there be a-ny flinchers found, we'll



have, we'll have his Soul new Coin'd.

The Thorrow-Bass.





Come, come let us Drink, let us Drink, let us Drink, let us Drink, 'tis in vain to think, like Fools on



Grief or Sadness; let our Money fly, and our Sorrows die, all Worldly Care is Maddeſs: But



Wine, Wine, Wine, Wine, Wine, and good Cheer will in ſpight of our fear, in—ſpire our Hearts with



Mirth Boys, the time we live, to Wine, to Wine let us give, ſince all, ſince all muſt turn to Earth Boys,



hand, hand about, hand, hand about, hand, hand a-bout the Bowl, the delight of my Soul, and to my



Hand, to my Hand com-mend it, a Fig, a Fig for Chink, 'twas made to buy Drink, and be—

(19) A. 3 Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



The Thorrow-Bass.



(20) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



(21) A 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



Jack thou'rt a Topper, Jack thou'rt a, thou'rt a Topper, let's have t'other Quart; Ring, ring, ring, ring,



ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, we're so sober, so sober, so sober, 'twere a shame to part; None but a



Cuckold, a Cuckold, a Cuckold, a Cuckold Bully'd by his Wife, for coming, coming, coming, coming,



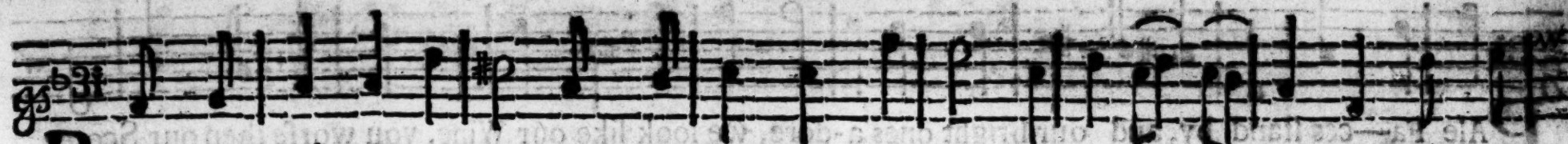
coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming late fears a Do-me stick



Arise; I'm free, I'm free, and so are you, so are you; so are you too, call and knock, knock, boldly, knock



boldly, knock boldly, knock bold-ly, tho' Watchmen cry past two a Clock.



* **B**Ring the Bowl and cool Nantz, bring the Bowl and cool Nantz, and let us be mixing; We've a



great deal of bus'ness, we've a great deal of bus'ness, 'tis time to be fixing: Dip, dip your Dish



fair a—round to all jol—ly, jol—ly Punch-drinkers; we loose not a Mi—nute, we



loose not a Mi—nute, while we are our own Skinkers; we need no Damn'd Drawers, our



mo—tions, our motions are quicker, we sit at the Well Boys, we sit at the



Well Boys, and drink ri—cher Liquor.

(23) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Henry Purcell.



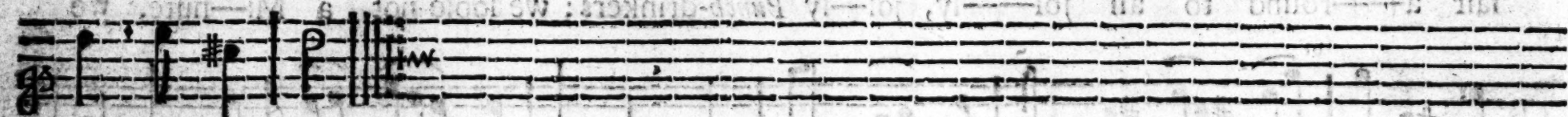
Pale Faces stand by, and our bright ones a-dore, we look like our Wine, you worse then our Score;



come light up our Pimples, all Art we out shine, when the plump God does Paint each Streak is



di-vine: Clean Glasses are Pencils, old Claret is Oyl, he that sits for his Picture must



fit a good while.

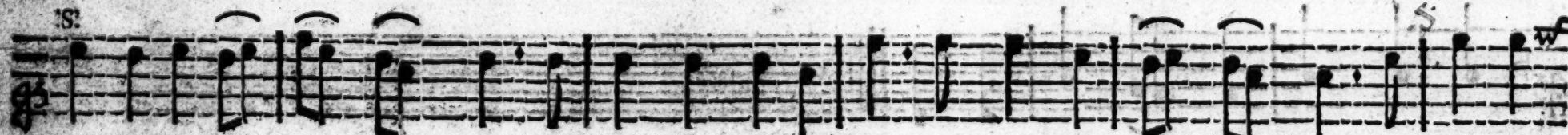
(24) A. 4. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Henry Purcell.



Soldier, Soldier take off thy Wine, and shake thy Locks, and shake thy Locks as I shake mine;



how can I my poor Locks shake, that have but Ten, I have but Ten Haires on my Pate, and one of

(24) A. 4. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Henry Purcell



them must go for Tythes, so there remains, so there remains but Four and Five, Four and Five, and



that makes Nine, then take off your drink, then take off your drink as I take mine.

(25) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



C All for the Reck'ning, and let us, and let us be gone, such careless attendance sure never, sure



never, sure never was known; pray ringing the Bell, till the Drawers come up, nay



prithee pull on, pull on, pull on, tho' you break the Rope; why sure they're a-sleep, a pox, a



pox take 'em all: oh! now they come sneaking with Gentlemen d'ye call, Gentlemen d'ye call,

(26) A 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



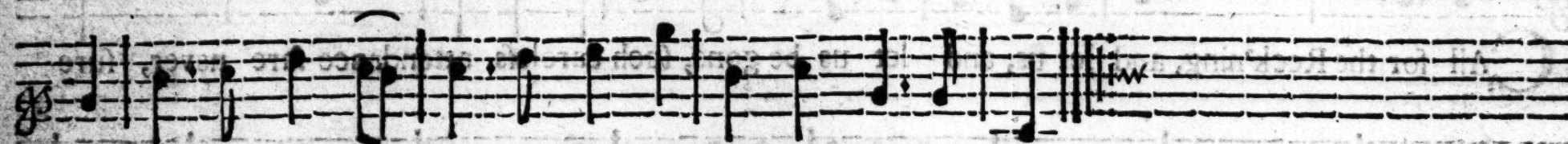
Drink on, drink on, drink on, till Night be spent, and Sun do shine, did not the Gods give anxious



Mortals Wine, to wash all Care, to wash all Care and Trouble from the heart? why then so soon, why



then so soon shou'd Jovial Fellows part? Come let this Bumper, let this Bumper for the next make way,



who's sure to live, who's sure to live, and drink a—no—ther day.

(27) A 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



When *V* and *I* together meet, we make up 6 in House or Street; yet *I* and *V* may meet once more, and



then we 2 can make but 4: But when that *V* from *I* am gone, a-las! poor *I* can make but One.



I Gave her Cakes and I gave her Ale, and I gave her Sack and Sher---ry, I Kist her once, and I



Kist her twice, and we were wond'rous mer—ry : I gave her Beads, and Bracelets fine, and I



gave her Gold downder--ry; I thought she was a--feard, till she stroak'd my Beard, and we



were wond'rous mer—ry; merry my Hearts, merry my Cocks, merry my sprights; merry



merry, mer-ry, mer-ry, merry, my hey down der--ry, I Kist her once, and I Kist her

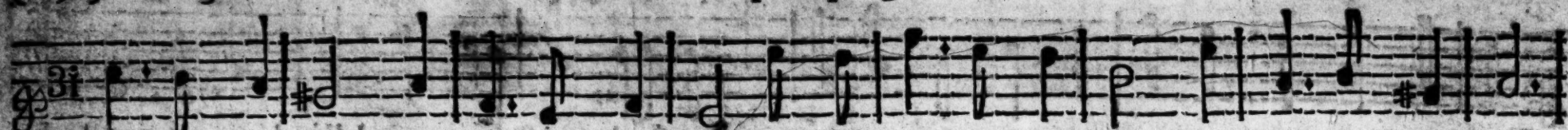


twice, and we were wond'rous mer—ry.

(29) A. 3. Voc.

[An old Epitaph.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



U N--der this Stone lies Ga--bri--el John, in the year of our Lord, One thousand and one;



co-ver his Head with Turf or Stone, 'tis all one, 'tis all one, with Turf or Sone, 'tis all one.



Pray for the Soul of gen--tle John, if you please you may, or let it alone, 'tis all one.

(30) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

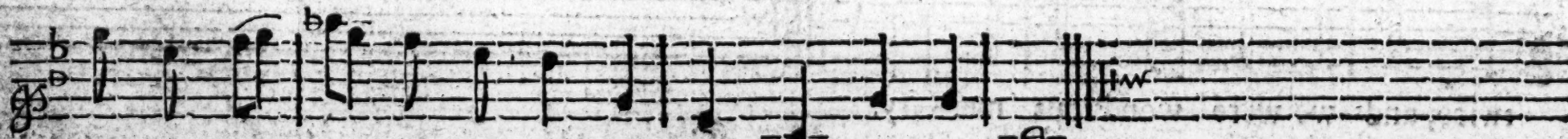
Mr. H. Purcell.



O Nce in our lives, let us drink to our Wives, tho' their Numbers be but small; Heav'n take the



best, and the De--vil take the rest, and so we shall get rid of them all: To this hearty



Wish, let each Man take his Dish, and drink, drink, till he fall.

(31) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



HE that drinks is im-mortal, he that drinks is im-mor-tal, and can ne'er de-cay; for



Wine still supply, for Wine still supply, what Age wea-rs a-way; how can he be



Dust, how can he be Dust, that moistens his Clay?

(32) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



IF all be true that I do think, there are Five Reasons, there are Five Reasons we shou'd Drink;



good Wine, a Friend, or being Dry, or least we should be by and by; or a-ny other Reason,



or a-ny o-ther Reason, or a-ny other Reason, why, a-ny reason why.

(33) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



TO thee, to thee and to a Maid, that kindly will up—on her Back be laid; and laugh, and sing and



kiss, and play, and wanton, wanton out a Summer's day: Such, such a Lass, kind Friend, and Drinking



give me, Great *Jove*! and damn, and damn the Thinking.

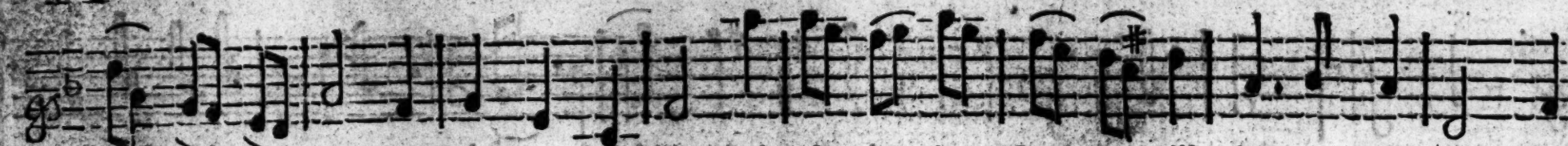
(34) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

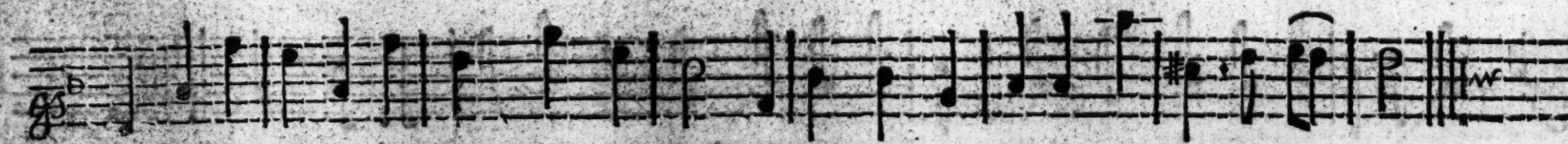
Mr. H. Purcell.



AN Ape, a Lyon, a Fox, and an Ass, do shew forth Man's Life as it were in a Glass; for



A—pish we are till Twenty and one, and af—ter that, Ly—ons till Forty be gone: Then



Wit—ty as Foxes till Threescore and Ten, but af—ter that Asses, and so no more Men.

The Second Part; to the same Tune.

A Dove, a Sparrow, a Parrot, a Crow,
As plainly sets forth how you Women may know;
Harmless they are, till Thirteen be gone,
Then Wanton as Sparrows till Forty draw on;
Then Prating as Parrots till Threescore be o're,
Then Birds of ill Omen, and Women no more.

(35) A. 4. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Henry Purcell.



Young *John* the Gard'ner having lately got, a ve-ry Rich and Fertile Garden Plot; bragging to *Joan*, Quoth



he, so Rich a Ground for Mellons, cannot in the World be found: That's a damn'd lye, quoth



Joan, for I can tell, a place that does your Garden far excell: Where's that? says *John*; In mine Ars quoth



Joan, for there is store of Dung and Wa-ter all the Year.

(36) A. 4. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



U N—der a green Elm, lies *Luke Shepherd's* Helm, that steer'd him ev'—ry way; wherefore



now she's gone, mourning there is none, he follow'd her Corps in gray; He smil'd at the Grave, like



a fleer-ing Knave, she'll tell him on't at the last day; for if we must rise, with the same



Bo—dy and Eyes, she'll have the same Tongue, folks say.

(37) A: 3. Voc.

[A Catch. Words by Mr. Otway.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



W Ould you know how we meet o're our jol—ly full Bowls, as we min—gle our Liquors, we



min—gle our Souls; the Sweet melts the Sharp, the Kind sooths the Strong, and nothing but

(37) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



Friendship grows all the Night long: We drink, laugh, and gra—ti—fie ev'—ry De—fire, Love



on—ly re--mains, our un--quencha--ble Fire.

(38) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Henry Purcell.



Is too late for a Coach, and too soon to reel home, we have freedom to stag--ger when the



Town is our own; let's whirle it away, and whip Six—pen--ces round, till the Drawers are foun—



—der'd, and the Hogthead does found: The Glas stays with you Tom, save your Tide, pull a—way, one



Minute of Mid-night is worth a whole Day.

(39) A. 4. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Henry Purcell.



The Macedon Youth left behind him This truth, That no-thing was done with much thinking; He



drank, and he fought, and he got what he fought, and the World was his own by fair drink-ing: He



wash'd his great Soul, in a plentiful Bowl, he cast away Trou-ble and Sorrow; his Mind did not



run, of what was to be done, for he thought of to day, not to morrow.

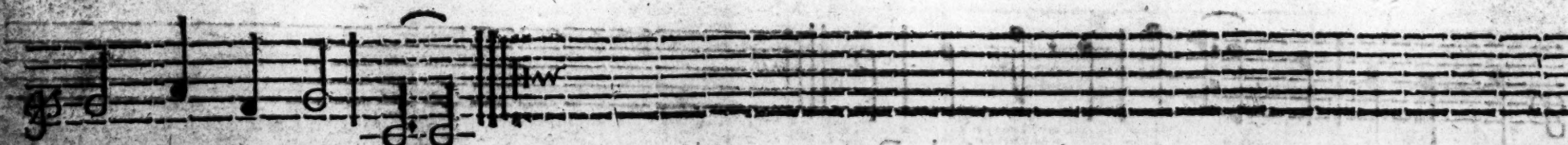
(40) A. 4. Voc.

[A Catch.]

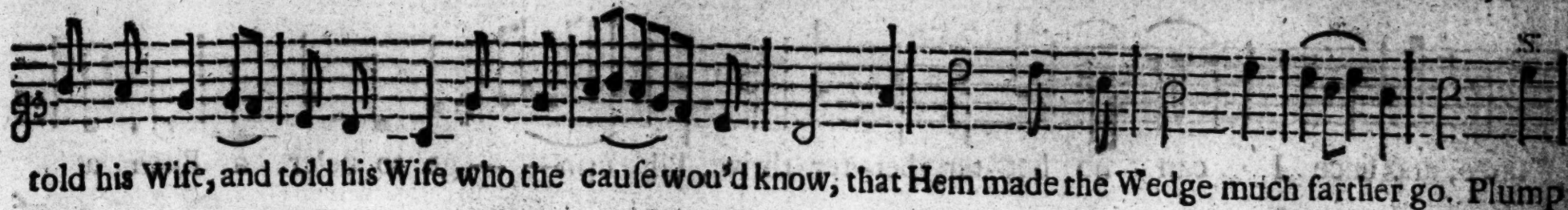
Mr. H. Purcell.



IS Women makes us love, 'tis Love that makes us sad; 'tis Sad-ness makes us drink, and



drinking makes us mad.



Once, Twice, Thrice I *Julia* try'd, the scornful Puss as oft de-ny'd, and
 since, and since I can no bet-ter, bet-ter thrive, I'll crin-ge to ne'er a *Bitch-a*
Laf
 —live, so kiss my *Bum* Ar-, so kiss my Ar-, so kiss my Ar-, so kiss my Ar- dis-dain-ful Sow, good
Laf
 Claret, good Claret is my Mi-stress now.

(43) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

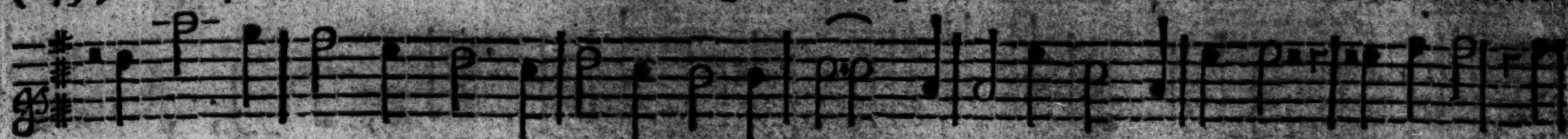
Mr. H. Purcell.

Let's live good honest Lives, and make much of our Wives; and since all Flesh is Grass, let's merrily, merrily
 merrily crink our Glass: God bless our noble King, what need we fear the Pope, the Pope, the Pope,

(43) A. 4. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



the Pope, the Pope, the Pope, the Jesuits, Jews or Turks? For we de-fie the Devil, the Devil, the



Devil, the Devil, the Devil, the Devil and all his works.

(44) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

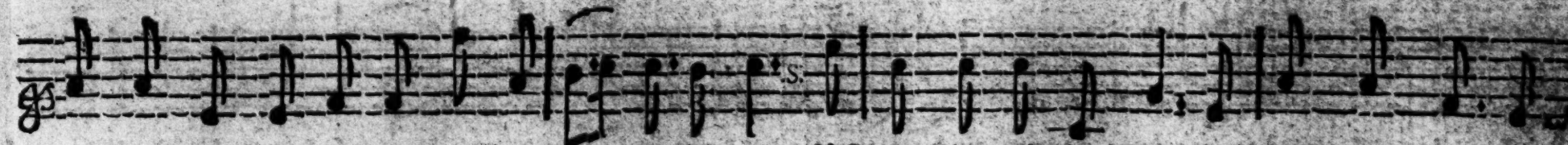
Mr. H. Purcell.



MY Ladies Coachman *John*, be'ng Married to her maid; her Ladyship did hear on'r, and to him thus She



said, and to him thus She said; I never had a Wench so handsom in my life, I prethee therefore tell me, I



prethee therefore tell me how got you such a Wife? *John* star'd her in the Face, and answer'd ve-ry



blunt, e'en as my Lord got you, How's that? Why by the —

(45) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Henry Purcell.



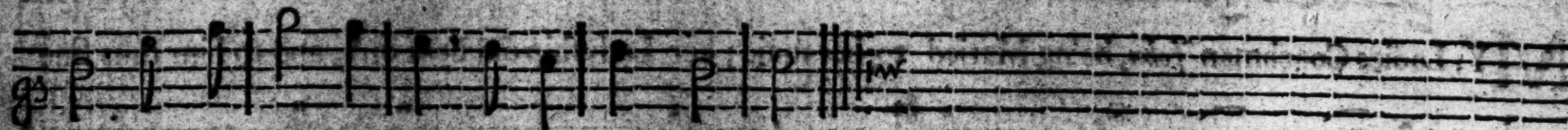
Now, now we are met, and humours agree, call, call for Wine, and lose no time, but let's



merry be; fill, fill it about, to me let it come, fill the Glass to the top, I'll drink ev'ry



drop, *Su-per-na-cu-lum*; a Health to the Queen, round, round, let it pass, fill it up, and



then drink it off like Men, never balk your Glass.

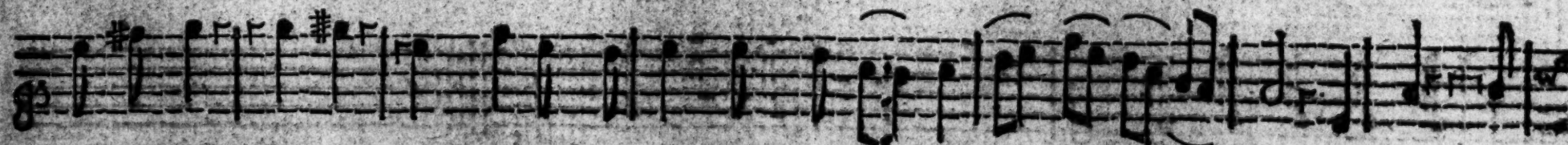
(46) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



Since Time so kind to us does prove, so kind to us does prove, do not my dear refuse my Love. What



do you mean! Oh fy, nay What do you do? You'r the strangest man that e'er I knew, I must, I

(46) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



must, I can't, forbear, I can't, I can't forbear, lye still, lye still my dear.

(47) A Rebus upon Mr. *Anthony Hall*, who keeps the Mermaid Tavern in *Oxford*, and plays his Part very well on the *Violin*. The Words by Mr. *Tomlinson*. Sett by Mr. *Henry Purcell*.



O Ne Industrious Insect, and the sweetness of th' other, is the Christian Name of our well belov'd Bro—



—ther, his Sir-name the Room where the Fire's in the middle, and some say he plays very well on the



Fiddle, the Sign he hangs out is half Fish, and half Flesh, and he sels as true Wine as good Fellow can wish.

I Nsecta præcauta, alterius merda
Dant fratri prænomen (dum verba absurda)
Cognomen tritacinium quo medio fit Ignis.
Multiq; ferunt est Tibicen insignis
Vexilla sunt, magna Bicarnea mundi;
Vinum, quod vendit, optarent potabundi.



W Ho comes there? stand; who comes there? stand; and come before the Constable, we'll know what you



are: What makes you out so late? says the Midnight Magistrate, with a Noddle full of Ale in a



wooden Chair of State. Whence come you Sir? and whether do you go? you may be Sir, a *Je-su-it* for



ought I know. You may as well, Sir, take me for a *Ma--ho-me-tan*, he speaks Latin, secure him



he's a dangerous Man. To tell you the truth, Sir, I am an honest *Tory*; but here's a



Crown to drink, and there's an end of the Story. Good morrow, Sir, a ci-vil Man is al-ways

(48) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch,]

Mr. H. Purcell.



welcome, go Bar-na-by Bounce, light the Gentleman home.

(49) A. 3. Voc.

[Upon Christ-Church Bells in Oxford.]



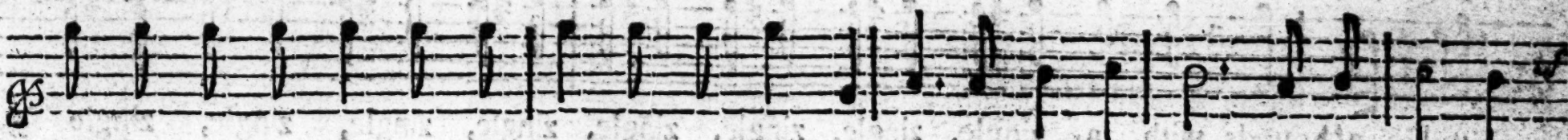
Hark! the Bonny Christ-Church Bells 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, they sound so woundy great, so wond'rous



sweet, and they trol so mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly. Hark! the first and second Bell that e--ver y day at



Four and Ten, cries, Come, come, come, come, come to Pray'rs, and the Virger troops before the Dean:




Tingle, tingle, ring goes the small Bell at Nine, to call the Beerers home; but the Dev'l a



Man will leave his Can, till her hears the mighty ^o Tom.

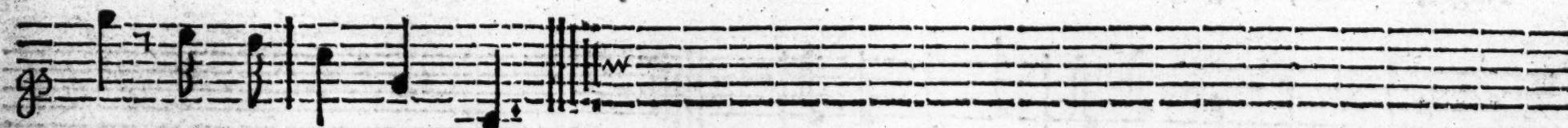
+ 
 O F all, all the Instruments, all, all, all the Instruments that are, none, none, none, none, none, none,

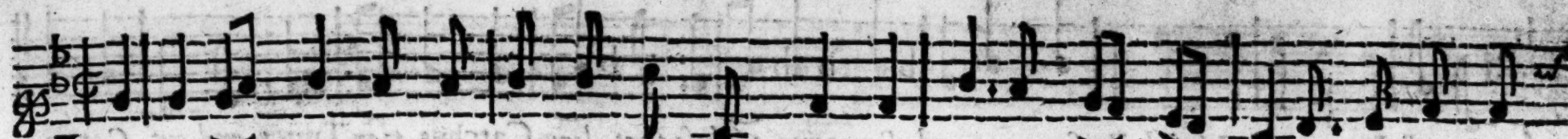

 none, none, none, none, none with the Vi—ol can compare; mark, mark, mark, mark how the


 Strings, how the Strings their or—der keep, with a whet, whet, whet, whet, whet, whet, whet, whet,


 whet, whet, whet, whet, and a sweep, sweep, sweep; but above all, all, all, all, all, all, all this


 still a bounds, with a zingle, zingle, zingle, zingle, zingle, zingle, zingle, zingle


 zing, and a zit zan zounds.



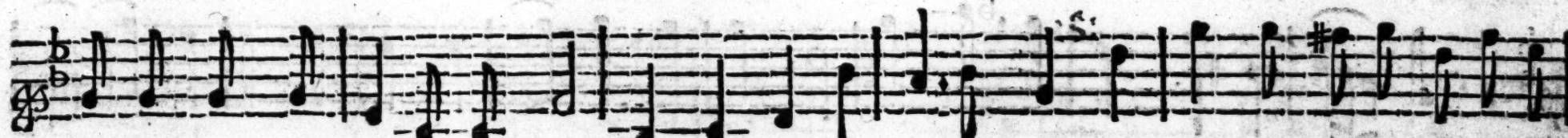
I F all true Friends of good Liquor now were here, were here, to club strongly in behalf of



Small Beer, Small Beer, in be—half of hey did-dle, ho diddle, hey, *Small Beer*; it wou'd all be too



lit-tle the Tiff to exalt, and to make out in Metre what it wants in Malt: The *French* call it



Little Beer, and we call it *Small*, and we call, we call it *Small* and some sort of People never



call for't at all; But I with all those once, at least for a warning, *Strong* o-ver night, much



Strong over night, and no, no *Small* the next morning.



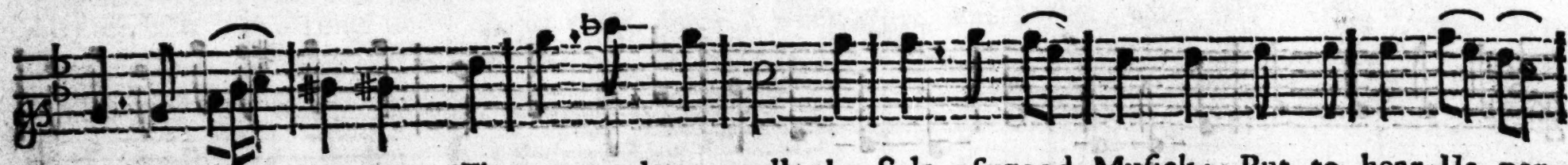
*T*O all Lovers of Musick Perfor-mers and Scrapers, to those that love Catches, play Tunes and cut Capers.



*W*ith a New Catch I greet you, and tho' I say it that thou'dn't, like a Fiddle, 'tis Musick, tho' the



Words are but wood'n: But my Brother *John Playford* and I shall present you, e'er long with a Book, I pre-



-sume, will con-tent you. 'Tis true, we know well the Sale of good Musick; But to hear Us per-



-form wou'd make Him sick or You sick. My maggot Man *Sam*, at the first Tem-ple-Gate, will



further in-form you, if not, my Wife *Kate*; from between the two Devils near Temple—

(52)

[A Catch.]

Mr. Henry Purcell.



—Bar, I rest Your Friend and Servant John Carr.

(53) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch upon a Liquor call'd Punch.]

Mr. Tho. Tudway.



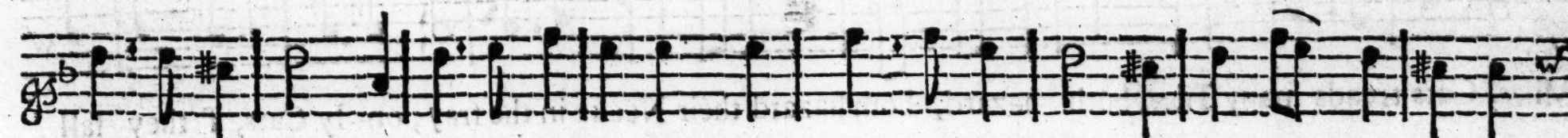
YOU may talk of brisk Claret, sing Praises of Sherry, speak well of Old Hock, Mum, Sider and Perry,



but you must drink *Punch* if you mean to be merry : A Bowl of this Liquor the Gods be--ing all at,



thought good we shou'd know it by way of new Ballad, as fit for both ours and their Highnesses Pallat. Then



thanks to the Gods, those Tiplers above us, they've taught us to drink, and therefore they love us,



and to drink ve--ry hard is all. they crave of us,



YE Cats that at Midnight spit Love at each other, who best feel the Pangs of a pas-sionate Lover; I ap—



—peal to your Scratches and tattered Fur, if the bus'ness of Love be no more than to Pur. Old La—



—dy *Grimalkin*, with Goosberry Eyes, when a Kitten knew something for why she was wise; you



find by experience the Love-fit's soon o'er, Puss, Puss, lasts not long, but turns to Cat-whore. Men ride many



Miles, Cats treads many Tiles, both hazard, both hazard their Necks in the fray; on-ly Cats, if they fall



from a House or a Wall, keep their Feet, mount their Tails, mount their Tails, and a—way.



Room, room, room, room, room for th'ex—press at length here it comes; *Limrick's* our own,



Limrick's our own, be it known, be it known to all Grums. Hark! hark! hark! the



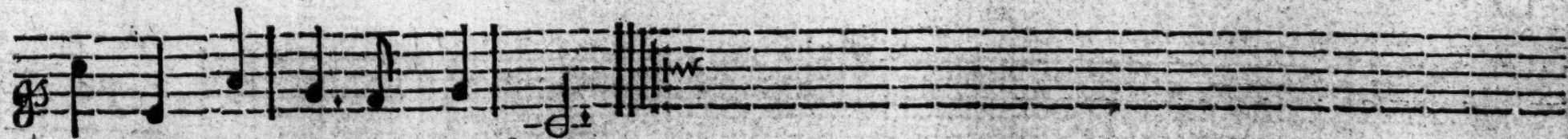
Guns of the Tower ring, ring it in peals, we'll drink round the Bonfires, we'll drink round the



Bonfires, Huz—za, Huz—za to the Bells, to our con—quering Army loud Praises, lou—



—d Praises let's Sing, and now *Monfieur* French-man, and now *Monfieur* French-man have



+ at you, have at you next Spring.

(56) A. 4. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



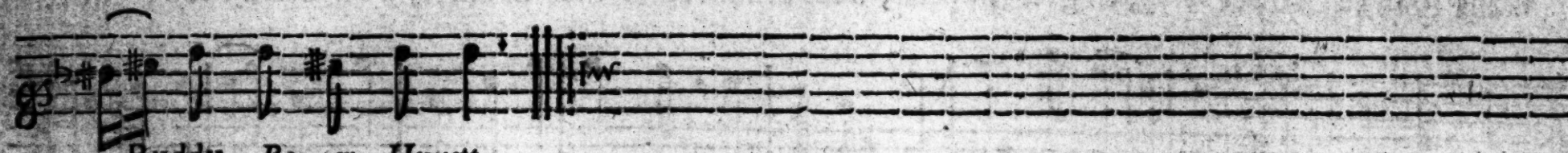
Here's a Health, a Health pray let it pass about, a Health that ne'er shall cease till all our Wine is out ;



Therefore drink away and never let it stand, but ply it close-ly roun—d, from hand to



hand, and eagerly, and bravely with courage thus persue it, for 'tis a Health, a Health, to ho-nest

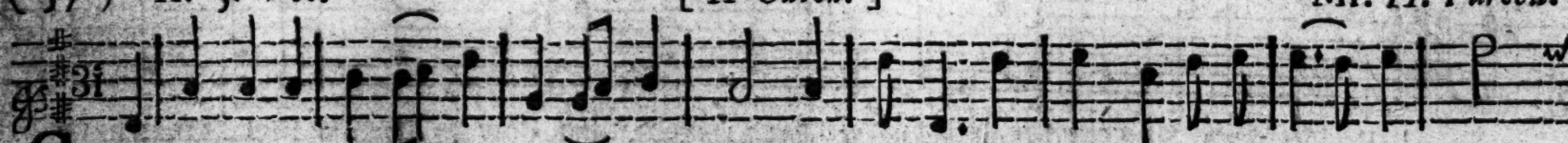


Ruddy Ro-ger Hewett.

(57) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



SIR Walter En—joying his Dam'sel one Night, He tickl'd, and pleas'd her to so great a height ;



that she cou'd not cor—tain t'wards the end of the matter, but in Rapture cry'd out O

(57)

[A Catch.]

Mr. Henry Purcell.



sweet Sir *Walter*, O sweet Sir *Walter*, O sweet Sir *Walter*, O sweet Sir, sweet Sir *Walter*, O switter swatter,



switter swatter, switter swatter, switter swatter, switter swatter. Sir. &c.

(58) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



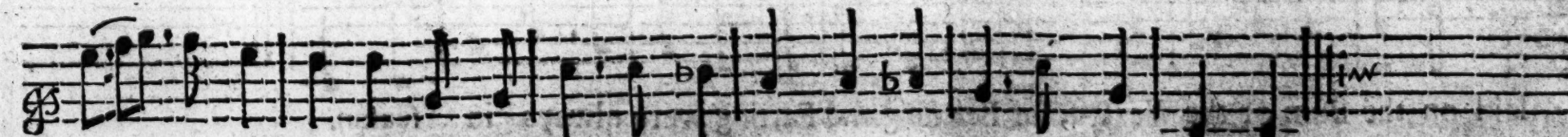
L E T us Drink, let us Drink to the Blades Intrench'd on the *Shannon*, discharge our full Glasses



as they their whole Cannon : Ev'ry Health shall be Flou———rish'd with Trumpets and Drums,



and our Bumpers go off in Pledge to their Bombs, see the Town in a Blaze, now our Faces, our



Fa——ces Resembles, and at both the pale *Monsieur*, poor *Mac* and *Teague* Trembles.

Belch.

Belch.

Belch.



P Ox on you, pox on you, pox on you for a Fop, your Stomach too queazy, cannot I belch, cannot



I belch and Fart, you Coxcomb, to ease me: what if I let fly in your Face and shall please ye? Fogh,



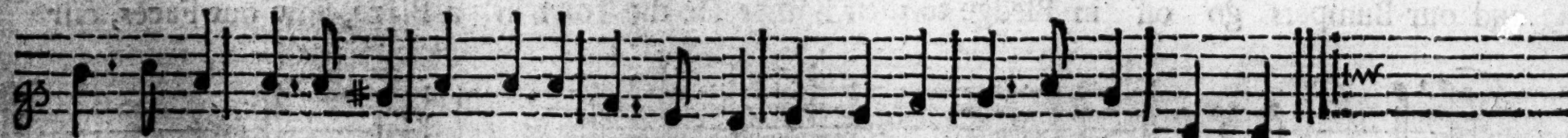
fogh, fogh, fogh, how fow'r he smells; now he's at it, now he's at it a-gain; out ye Beast, out ye Beast, I



never met so nasty a Man, I'm not a ble to bear it, what the Devil dy'e mean? no less than a *Cæsar*, no



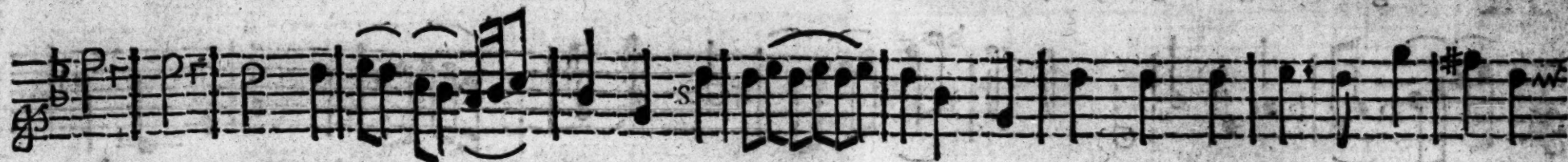
less than a *Cæsar*, no, no, no, less than a *Cæsar*, decree'd with great reason, no restraint, no restraint shou'd be



laid on the Bum or the Weason, for Belching and Farting were always in season.



I S Charleroy's Seige come, come, come too? who wou'd a thought it? then the Rumours was false, was



false, false, false, that Lewis had bought it. Then charge all your Guns Boys, as high as they can be,



with the briskest Champain ramm'd down, ramm'd down, down, down, down, down, down, down with



Nantz Brandy: Let En-gi-nier Vauban shoot the Devil, the De-vil and all, yet his Marshal shan't



Dance——No, no, no, no shan't Dance at old Maintenons Ball.





A S Roger last night to Jenny lay close, he pull'd out his Budget and gave her a dose ; the tickling no



sooner kind Jenny did find, but with laughing she purg'd both before and behind . Pox take it quoth



Roger, he must himself be be—side, that gives Pills, Pills, against Wind and 'gainst Tide.



A Fidler and Fuddler are always to-gether, like Fidler and case there was both or else neither ; u—



—nited companions the like never known, and may be com-pared to two parts in one, the Fidler did



Fuddle, and the Fuddler did Fiddle, a U.-ni-son sure doth un-rid-dle the Riddle.

(63) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Henry Purcell.



A Ron thus propos'd to *Moses*, come let us fuddle, fuddle our Noses: *Moses* reply'd again to *A-ron*, 'twill



do us more harm then you are aware on, Wine has a Cæ-lestial Charm in't, therefore there can be no



harm in't, if you wou'd be *A-ron*'s Brother, then whip off this Bottle, and call for a—nother.

(64) A. 3. Voc.

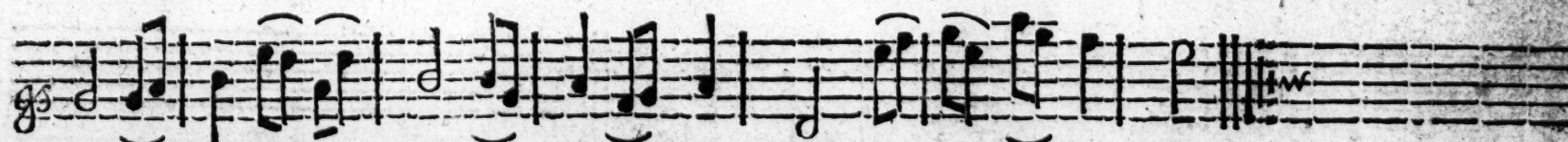
[A Catch.]



H Ere where is my Landlord? a pot of good Drink, but faith you must trust, for we have no Chink, in—



--deed, Sir you look like a ve-ry good fellow, but I cannot trust without white or yellow, the yellow I have



none, and as for the white make use of your Chalk, and so a good night.

(65) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. John Eccles.



Confusion, confusion, to the pow'r of Cupid; brisk Wine, brisk Wine ne'er made a Mortal stupid;



Drink, drink, drink, drink, while sober fots look pale, condemn'd to Claps, condemn'd to Claps and foggy Ale.



a pox of Love, a pox of Love, there's nothing in it, a Bumper gives the happy, happy Minute.

(66) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

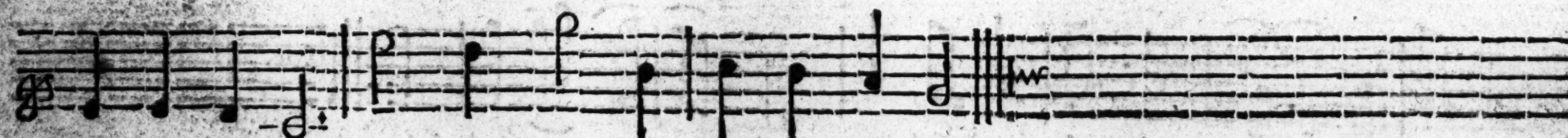
Dr. John Wilson.



See on Fire a boyling Pot, that is the news we do not need; a Sloven's Nose that's



full of Shot, that's no News, 'tis so agree'd: But to see a Man knit a T—in—to a



True-lover's Knot, Oh! that's News to laugh at indeed.



When Cælia was Learning on the Spinet to play, her Tu-tor stood by her to show her,



to show her, to show her, to show her the way; she took not the Note which



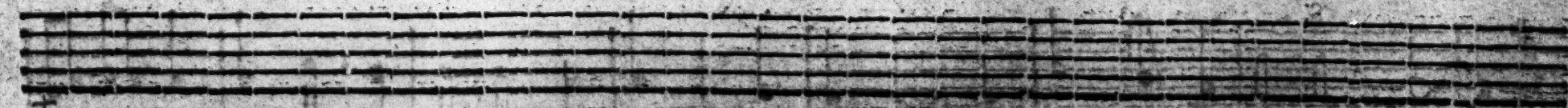
angred him much, and made him, and made him cry Zounds 'tis a long prick, a long prick, a



long prick'd Note you touch; sup-priz'd was the Lady to hear him complain: and said, and



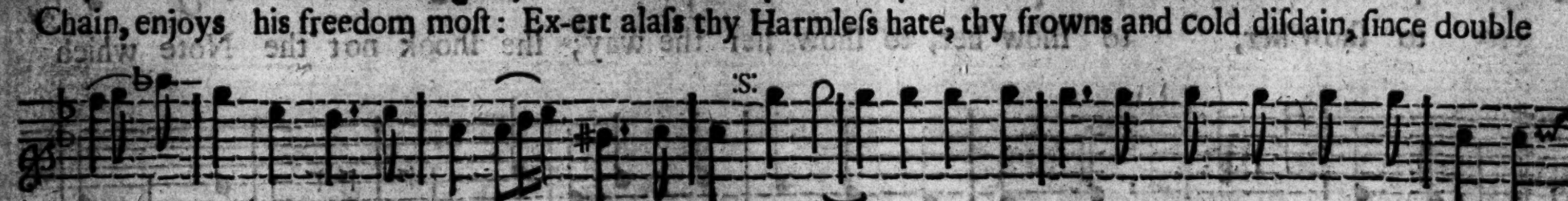
said, and said, I will shake it, I will shake it when I come to't again.



(68) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Gillier.



(69) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch, the Words by Cob. Allistree.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



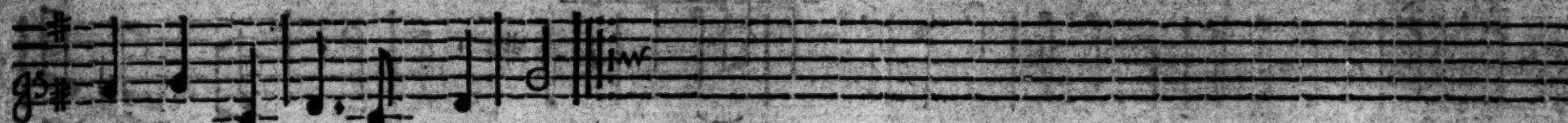
(69) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



ends in a Pill: Then hey for brisk Claret, whose Pleasures ne'er waste, by a Bumper we're



rich, and by two we are chaff.

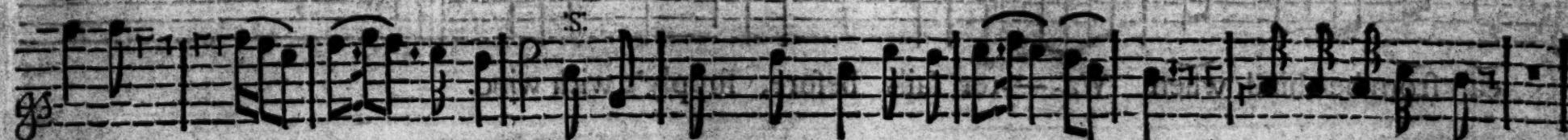
(70) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. John Gilbert.



Crown the Glass, Crown the Glass, fill, fill it a little higher, a little higher, a little



higher, a—round let it pass, he that slips, slips, slips, is pre-cise and prays, so, so, so enough,



so enough, so enough, throw his snuff in his Face; Whither now? Whither now? keep your place,



Drink it off, Drink it off, Drink it off, I'll not bate you an Ace.

(71) A. 4. Voc.

[John the Miller.]



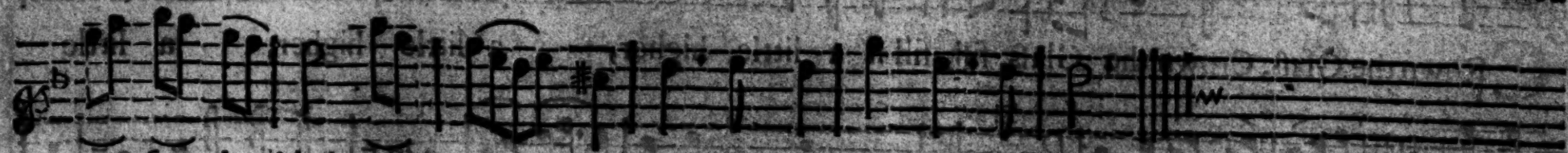
John ask'd his Landlady, thinking no ill, where he might best set up a Water—mill; the



wanton La-dy seeing John all a—lone, return'd this an—swer to her Tenant John: woud'st thou all



others thy Mill thou'd disgrace? Then 'twixt my Legs will be the fittest place; for I at time of need



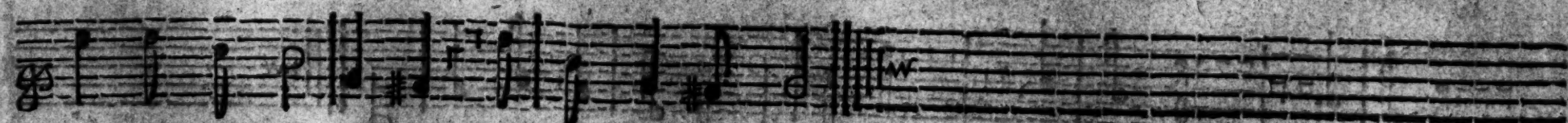
can from be—hind, when Wa—ter fails before, supply't with wind.

(72) A. 4. Voc.

[A Catch.]



Well rung Tom-boy, well rung Tom, ding-dong Cuckoo, well rung Tom; the Owl and the Cuckoo, the



Fool and the Song, well sung, Cuckoo, well rung Tom.

(73) A Rebus on Mr. Hen. Purcell's Name, by Mr. Tomlinson.

Sett to Musick by Mr. John Lenton.



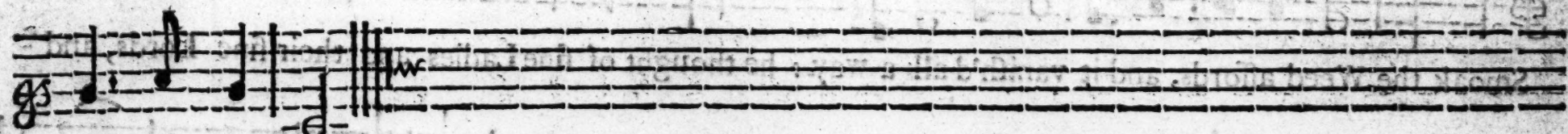
THe Mate to a Coek, and Corn tall as Wheat is his Christian Name, who in Mu-sick's Com-



pleat; his Sirname begins with the Grace of a Cat, and concludes with the House of a Hermit



note that; his Skill and Per-formance each Au-di-tor Wins, but the Po-et deserves a good



kick on the Shins.

*Galli marita par tritico seges,
Prænomē est ejus, dat chromati leges
Intrat cognomen, blanditiis Cati,
Exit Eremitæ in Aedibus stali,
Expertum effectum omnes admirentur
Quid merent Poetæ? ut bene calcantur.*

(74) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch upon NOTHING.]



Sing merrily now my Lads, here's a Catch that was never meant you; but come by the Wheel of For—



-tune, without a-ny design or intent you: It happen'd that once the Author his Head was exceeding



hot; a Catch he resolv'd he wou'd make, he wou'd make and he cou'd-n't tell of what. He thought of the



Smoak the Weed affords, and it vanish'd all a-way: he thought of fine Ladies and their fine Lords, and



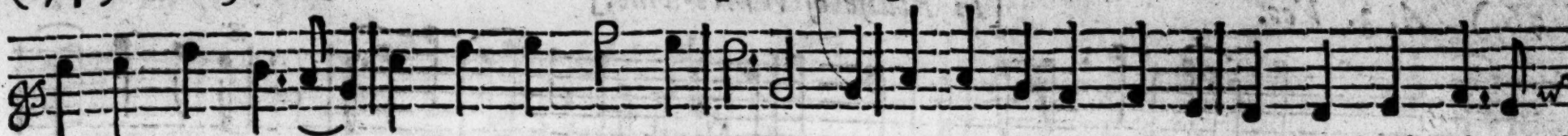
yet he found nothing to say. He thought of a thousand Pound, but it wou'd-n't turn to account. He



thought of the Pot, and he thought of the plot, but nothing wou'd come on't. At last he resolv'd, tho'

(74) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch]



nothing wou'd do, that nothing shou'd put him by Sir; but nothing to purpose of Nothing he'd write, and



no body shou'd be the wiser: 'Tis nothing to you if he wou'd do so, and if Nothing's in't you find;



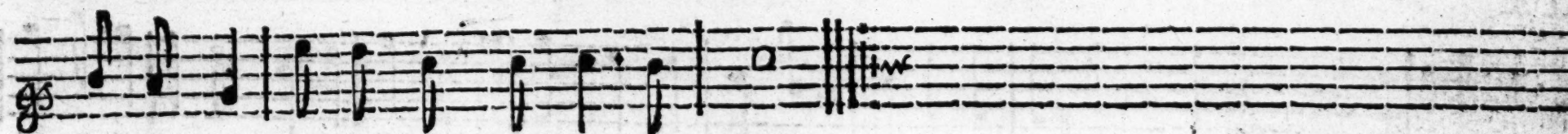
then thank him for Nothing, and that will be more than e-ver he de-sign'd.

(75) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]



W hose 3. Hoggs are these, are these, and whose 3. Hoggs are these? They are *John Cooks*, I know



by their looks, for I found them in my Pease.

Oh! Pound them, oh! Pound them, but I dare not for my life,
For if I shou'd Pound *John Cooks Hoggs*, I shou'd never Kiss *John Cooks Wife*;

Cho. But as for *John Cooks Wife*, I'll say no more than mum,
Then here's to thee, thou first Hogg untill the Second come.

Note: These two lines are to be Sung thrice with these Words at last, [*I prithee man take him home.*]

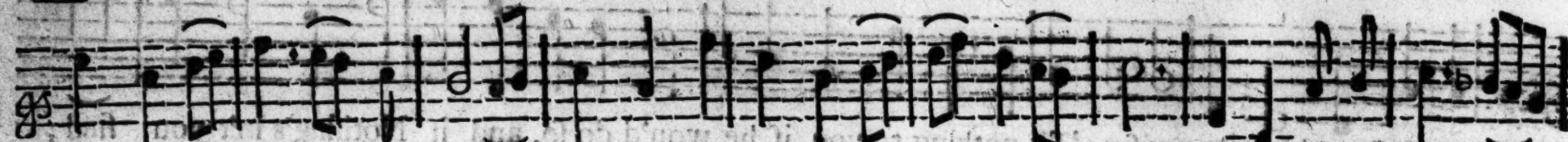
(76) A. 3. Voc.

[In Praise of White-wine.]

Mr. John Reading.



Et Chryſtal White-wine cheer the drowſy Mind, 'tis Claret only leaves a ſtain be-hind; in the uſe of



which, we do *Bacchus* diſgrace, we make the God mortal by painting his Face: He's not like a God, whoſe



Image is red; o're Night his Cheeks bluſh in the Morning they're dead.

(77) A. 3. Voc.

[In Praise of Claret.]

Mr. John Reading.



A Hogſhead was offer'd to *Bacchus* his Shrine, the God was of-fended becauſe 'twas White-wine; then



curs'd in a paſſion, Damn't, rot it, and mar it, did't ever know *Bacchus* drink other than Claret? So the jolly red



God having empty'd the White-wine, return'd the poor Vor'ry the Hogſhead to ſhite in:

(78) A. 3. Voc.

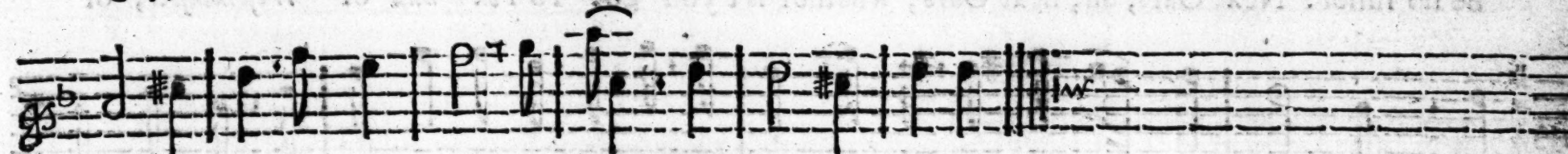
[On a Scolding Wife.]



MY Wife has a Tongue as good as e'er twang'd, at ev'ry Word she bids me be hang'd; she's



ug-ly, she's old, and a cursed Scold, with a dam--nable *Nunquam sa--tis*; for her Tongue and her



Tail, if e-ver they fail, the Dee'l shall have her *Gratis*.

(79) A. 3. Voc.

[Judith and Holifernes.]

Mr. Mich. Wife.



WHen *Judith* had laid *Ho-li fer-nes* in Bed, she pull'd out his Falchion, and cut off his Head; the reason is



plain, he'd have made her his Whore, so she cut off his Head as I told you before, as I told you before.



Will you go by Water, Sir? I'm the next Sculler; go with my Fare up Westward, Sir, my Boat shall



be no fuller: Next Oars, Sir, next Oars; whether is't you go? To Fox—hall or Westminster, or



Through-Bridge ho! Pray Master Trim the Boat, and fit a little higher; you have a handsom



Women by you, me-thinks you might sit nigher! Come Boy, lay the Stretcher, and sit down to your



Oar; You Sir! will you change a Rogue for a Whore? You Sculler! look before you, with a--pox t'ye



hold water; look! look! the Rogue runs foul of us, remember this hereafter: Come land us

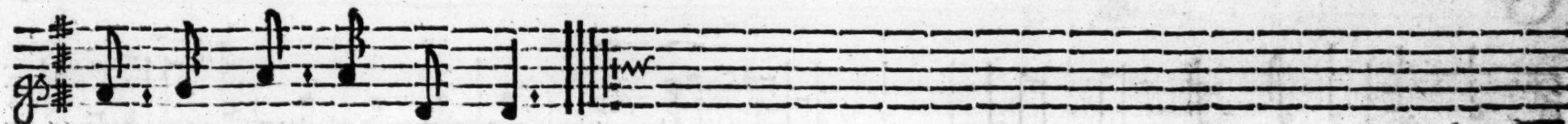
(81) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Barth. Isaack.



here at Kings-Bridge, Ay Sir, if you're willing : Here Wa—ter—man ther's Six-pence ; Good



faith, 'tis worth a Shilling.

(81) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch in Praise of Mum.]



T Here's an odd sort of Liquor new come from *Hamborough*, 'twill stich a whole Wapentake



thorough and thorough, 'tis yellow, and likewise as bit—ter as Gall, and as strong as fix

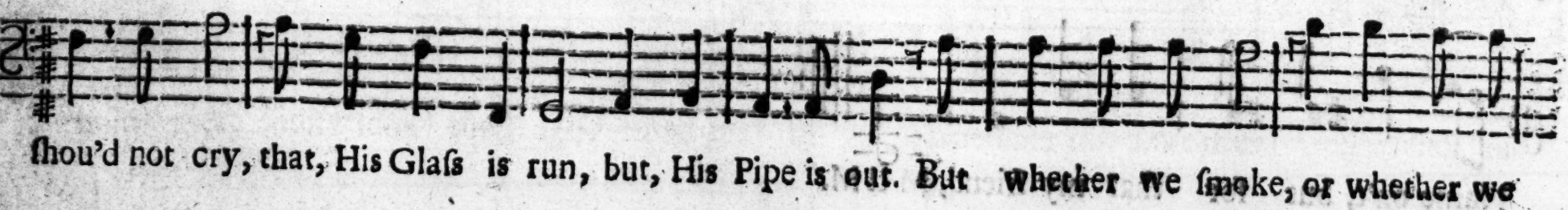
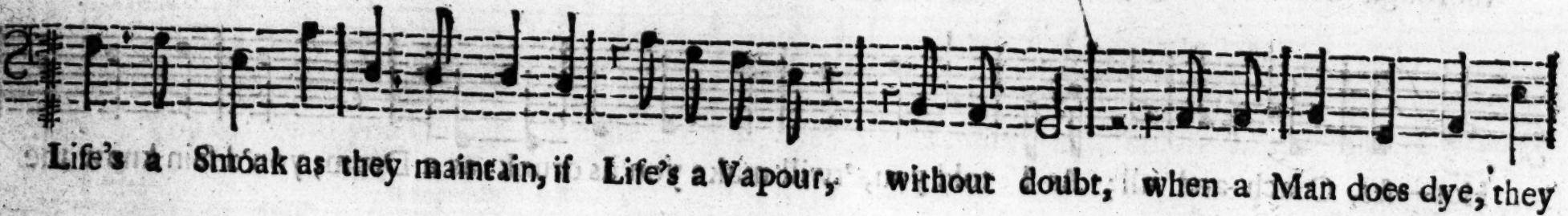
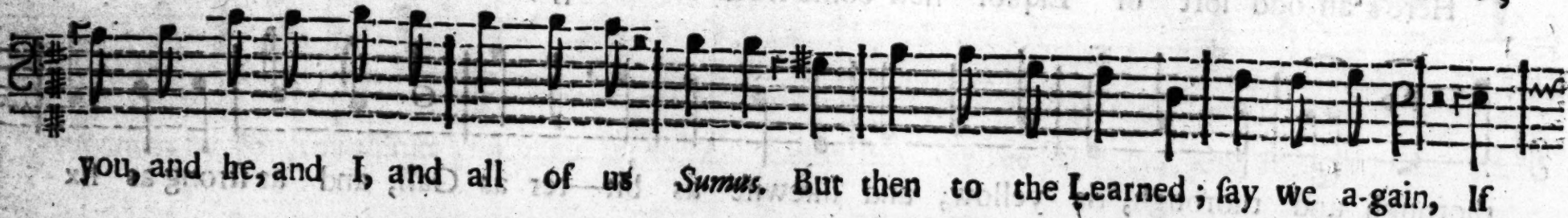
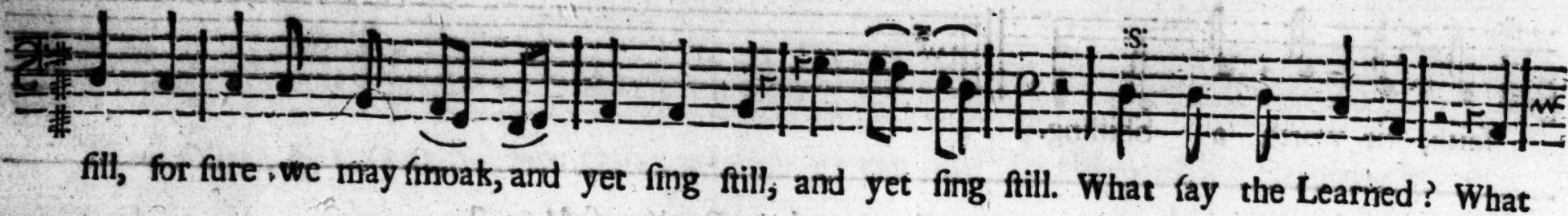
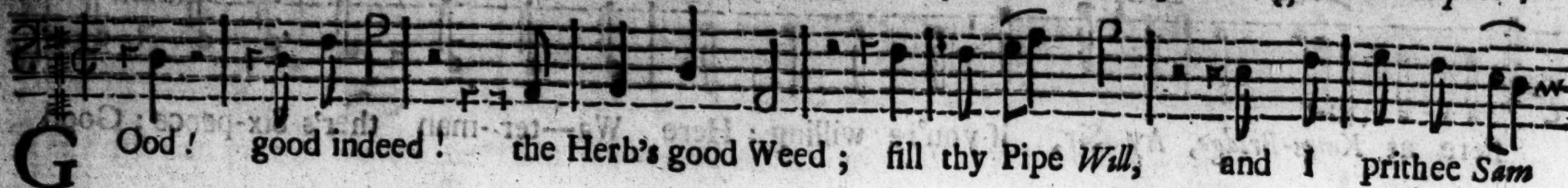


Hor—ses, Coach and all ; As I told you, 'twill make you as drunk as a Drum ; you'd fain know the



Name on't, but for that my friend, MUM.

(82) A. 4. Voc. [A Catch on Tobacco; Sung by 4 Men while smoaking their Pipes.]



(82) A. 4. Voc.

[A Catch.]



sing, let's be Loyal, and re-mem-ber the King ; let him live and let his Foes vanish, thus, thus, thus, like,

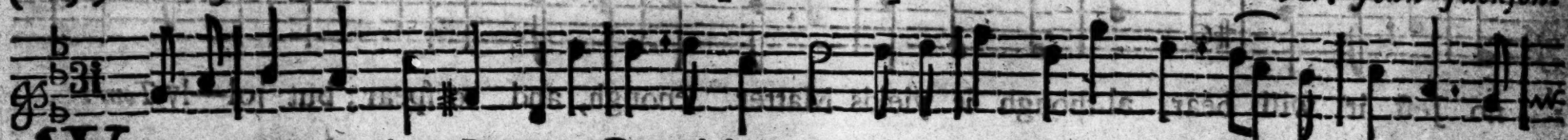


like a Pipe, like a Pipe of Spanish ; thus, thus, like a Pipe of Spanish.

(83) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

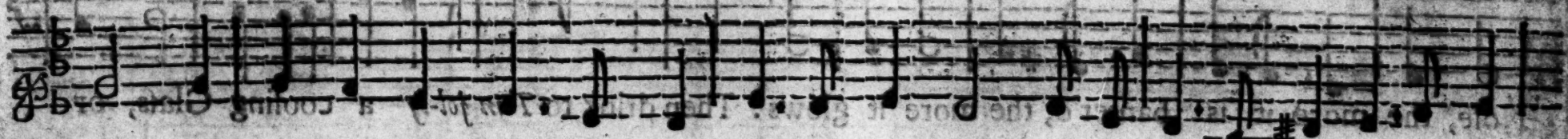
Mr. John Jackson.



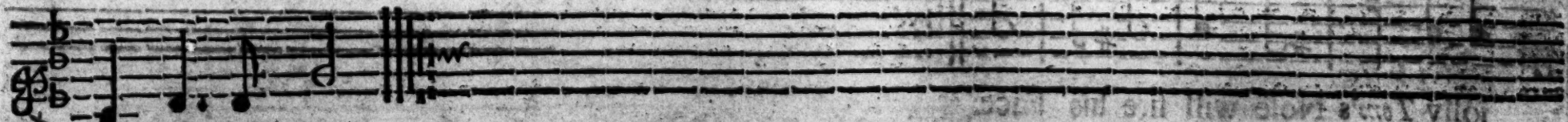
When a Woman that's Buxom, a Dotard does wed, 'tis a madness to think she'll be true to his



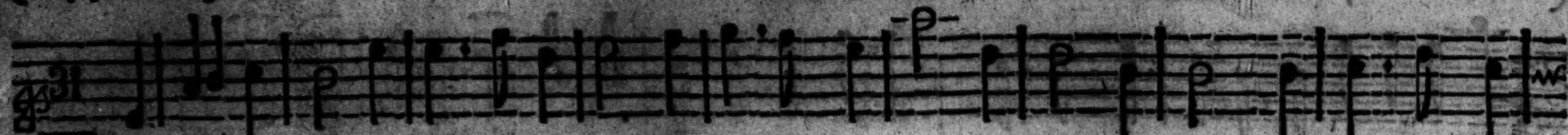
Bed : for who can re-sist a Gallant that is young, and a Man *A-lamode* in his Garb, and his



Tongue, His Looks have such Charms, and his Language such Force, that the drowsy Mechanick's a



Cuckold of course.



T O M Jol-ly's Nose I mean to a-buse, thy jol-ly Nose Tom provokes my Muse; thy Nose jol-ly



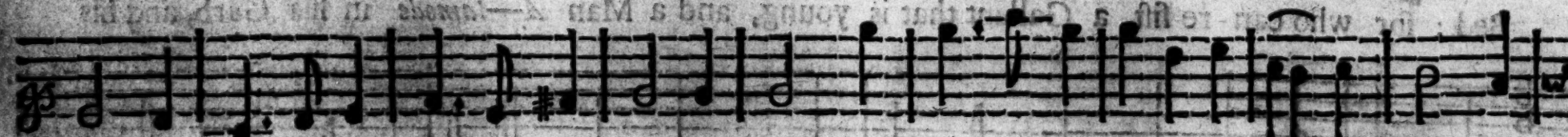
Tom that shines so bright, I'll ea-si-ly fol-low it by its own light: Thy Nose Tom Jol-ly



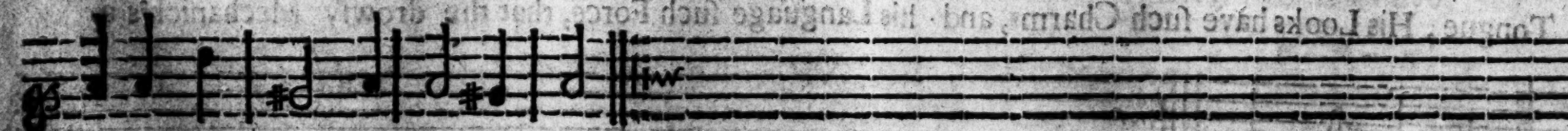
no Jest it will bear, al-though it yields Matter enough, and to spear; but jol-ly Tom's



Nose, for all he can do, breeds Worms in it self, and in our Heads too. Tom's Nose, jol-ly Tom's



Nose, the more it is banter'd, the more it glows: Then drink to Tom jol-ly a cooling Glas, or



jolly Tom's Nose will fire his Face,

(85) A. 3. Voc.

[Answer to Tom Jolly's Nose.]



Although jol—ly *Tom*, great Fame thou hast won, thy bloody red Nose shall look paler e're



long: for the rate that we drink at each Night, still procures, such Noses as wou'd quite discountenance



yours; And when the large Bumper floats round in the close, we'll de—spise thee, and



swear, 'tis mine Ar—of a Nose.

(86) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]



Joan, Joan, for your part, you love kissing with all your Heart; I marry do I, says jumping



Joan; and therefore to thee I make my moan.

Written and Compos'd by Mr. Richard Brown

Come Boy, Boy, come Boy, boy, light a Faggot, the Ev'nings are cold, bring a Flask that's well clad;



bring a Flask that's well clad in a Coat of blew Mold. You shall have it, you shall have it, dear Sir, in a



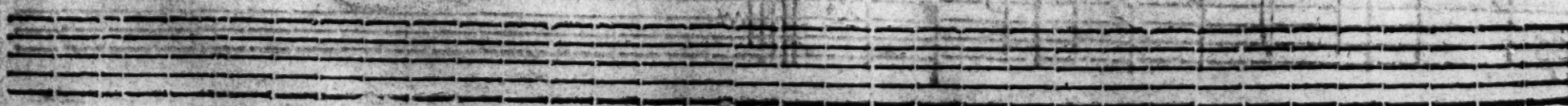
moment, in a moment of time, do you light the Fire Jack, do you light the Fire, I'll run



down for the Wine; Let's oblige our kind Masters, kind Masters, we'll bleed 'em, we'll bleed 'em a—



—non, their Palates now are nice boy, their Palates now are nice boy, but then they'll drink Shim.







AT the close of the Evening the Watches were set, the Guards went the Round, and the Ta-ta-ta-too,



Ta-ta-ta-too, Ta-ta-ta-too, Ta-ta-ta-too, Ta-ta-ta-too, Ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-too, was beat, the Ta-ta-ta-ta-ta—



—ra-too, was beat : But now yonder Stars ap-pear in the Sky, and Ta-ra-ra-ra, Ra-ra-ra-ra, Ra-ra-ra-ra,



Ra-ra-ra-ra, Ra-ra-ra-ra, Ra-ra-ra-ra, Ra-ra-ra-ra-ra, is sounded on high—, and Ta-ra-ra-ra, Ta-ra-ra-ra,



Ra-ra-ra-ra-ra, is sounded on high ; we shall soon be Reliev'd, then drink, drink away, then dri—



—nk away, then dri—nk, drink, drink a-way ; here, here's to you, and to you, and to

(89) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. H. Purcell.



you, let us drink, let us drink till 'tis day, let, let us drink till 'tis day,

(90) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch on a Man with a Wry Nose.]

Written and Compos'd by Mr. Richard Brown.



PE--ter White that never goes right, wou'd you know the reason why ; wou'd you know the reason why. He



follows his Nose where ever he goes, and that stands all a-wry, a-wry, and that stands all a-wry.

(91) A. 4. Voc.

[The Almanack Catch.]

Mr. Richard Brown.



WAr begets Poverty, Po-ver-ty Peace, Peace maketh Riches flow, Fate ne'er doth cease. Riches



produce Pride, Pride is War's ground, . War begeteth Po-ver-ty the world goes round.

(92) A. 3. Voc.

[Counsel for Married Folks.]

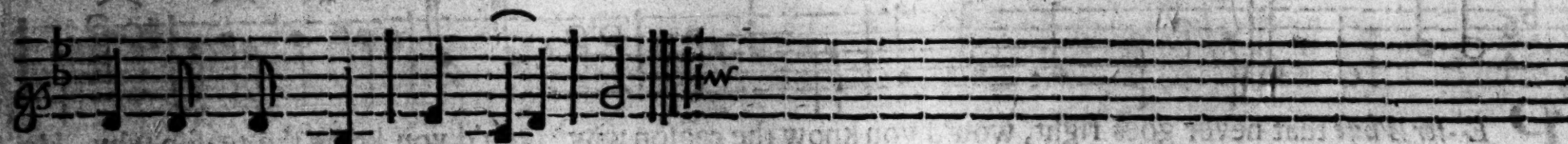
Mr. Mich. Wife.



From Twenty to Thir-ty, good Night and good Morrow; from Thir-ty to For-ty good



Night or good Morrow; from Forty to Fifty as oft as ye Shift ye; from thence to Three—



—score, once a Month, and no more.

(93) A. 3. Voc.

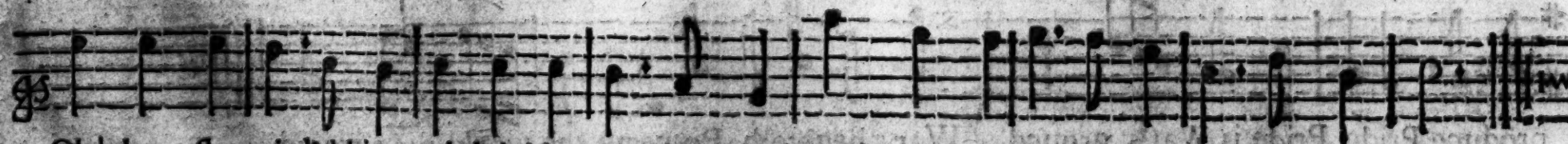
[On a Widow, who Married an old Widower.]



Had she not Care enough, Care enough, had she not Care enough, Care enough of the old Man; she



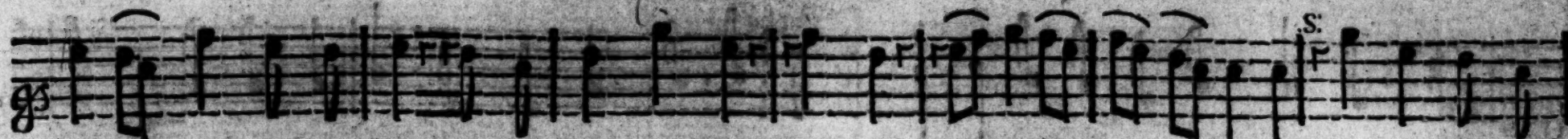
wed him, she fed him, and to the Bed she led him, for sev'n long Winters she lifted him on: But



Oh! how she nigl'd him, nigl'd him, nig--l'd him! Oh! how she nigl'd him all the Night long!



Tinking *Tom* was an honest Man, tink a tink, ——— and a Lad of Bonny Mettle, he dext'ronfly cou'd



clink, the Pan, clink a clink, clink a clink, and stop, and stop, and stop a hole i'th' Kettle, to him did my



La-dies Maid advance, advance, come, come in thou Man of Mettle, a sad mischance, a sad mischange,



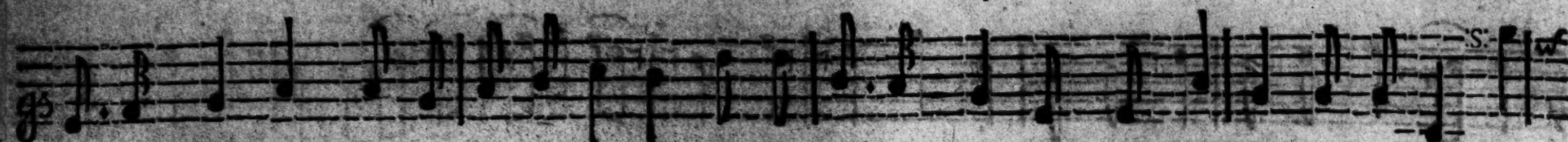
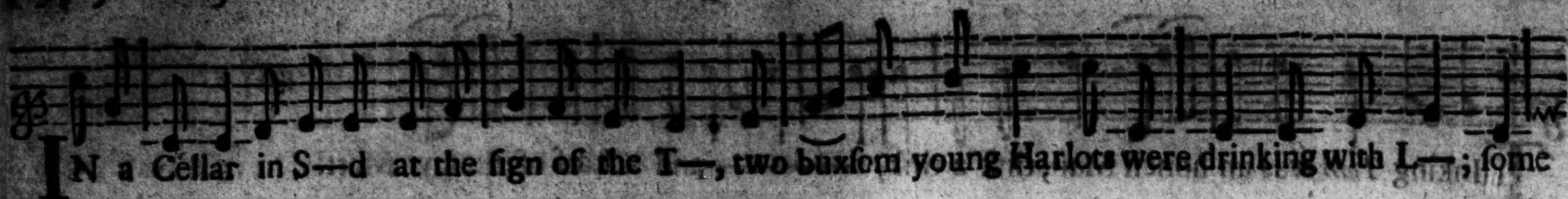
here's a hole, a hole, a hole in my Ladies Kettle, *Tom* went to ham'ring on the place, and wrought like a



Man, like a Man, and wrought like a Man, like a Man of Mettle, but when he had done 'twas all a case,



† all a case, all a case, all a case there's a hole, there's a hole in my Ladies Kettle.



(96) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Richard Brown



Come *Jack* drink, drink, drink, drink a-bout, take it off with a grace, no Ru-bie compares with a



Carbuncle Face; no Sipping nor Spitting, no Sipping nor Spitting like a squemish young Bride,



take a Pint that's a brimmer and a-way the next Tide, then Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring for the



drawer, rowse the rogue from his sleep 'tis a folly to stir now whilst day-light doth peep.

(97) A. 4. Voc.

[A Catch.]



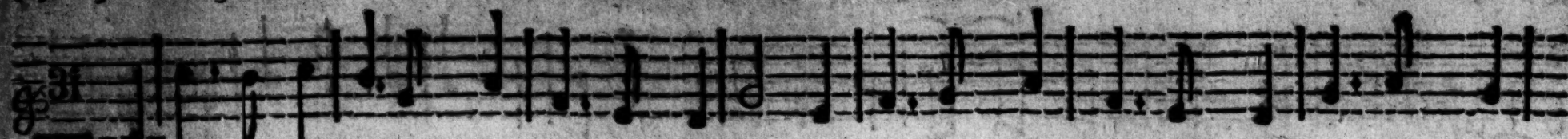
I Lay with an old Man all the Night, I turn'd to him, and he to me; he could not do so



* well as he should, but he would fain, but it would not be.

(98) A. 3. Voc.

[Tom Tory and Titus.]



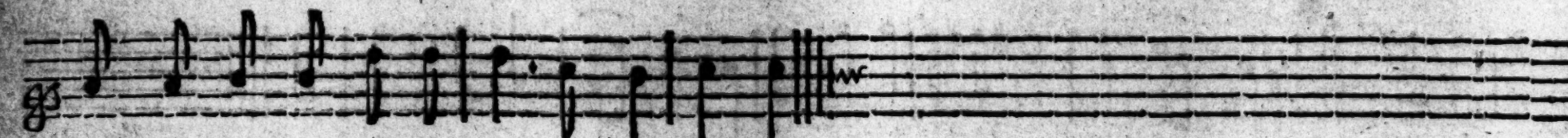
Tom To-ry told Ti-tus, The Whigs did de-sign, to murder the King, and subvert the Right—



—Line: quoth the Doctor, in a fury, you're a raf-cal-ly Sot, Sir, did ever you hear of



a Pro-*testant* Plot, Sir! Marry have I, quoth Tom, and I migh-ti-ly fear it; You're a Je-su-it,



quoth the Doctor, if you vex me, I'll swear it.

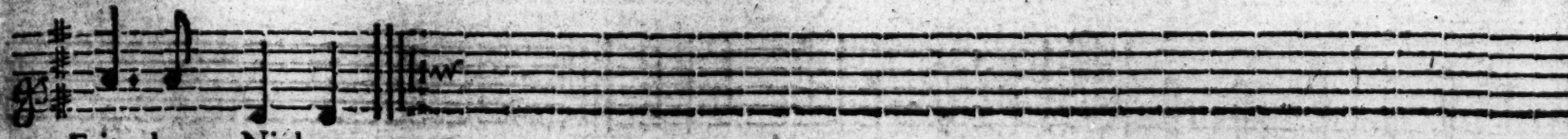
(99) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. John Lenton.



LE T us love and drink our Liquor, we shall spend our Means the quicker, here's to thee, kind



Friend, a Nicker.



Come hear me, hear me, hear me; come hear me, hear me my Boy; hast a mind to live



long, to live long, to live long, take a dose of brisk Claret, and part, part of a Song; a



Generous Heart good Wine does impart, come hear me, hear me, hear me, a Generous heart good



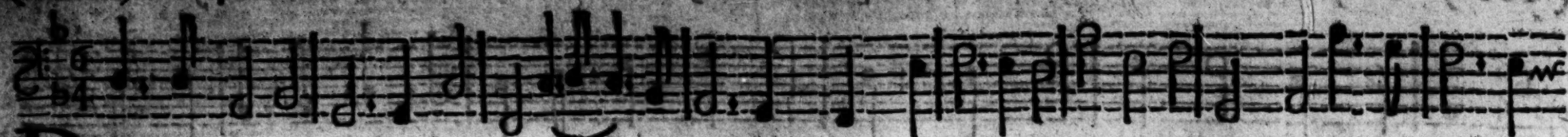
Wine does impart, and a Time to good Musick is beat by the Heart; let each be cor.—



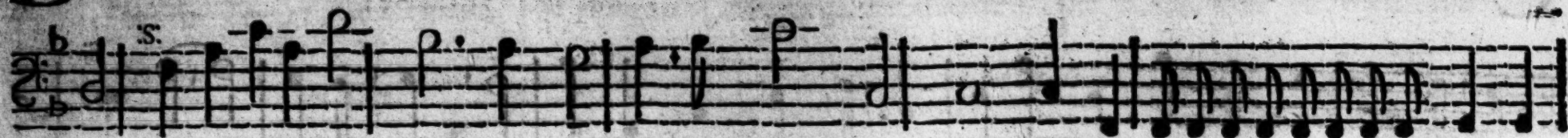
—tent; come hear me, hear me, let each be content, with his own proper store, and keep our selves



honest, keep our selves honest tho' the world keeps us poor.



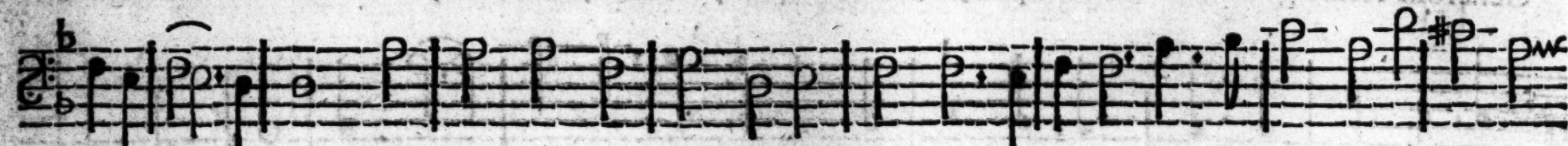
DOst thou not remember *Ned* how of—ten we have heard, a Natural Chorus of Brutes in Father *Dodwell's*



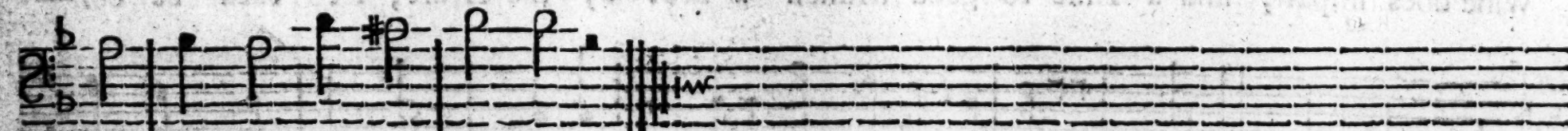
Yard; Cock-a-doodle-do, cry'd the Cock, and the Duck quack, quack, Cobble, :: :: :: :: cry'd the



Turkey-Cock, Wehee :: :: the Hack; and the little Chick peep, peep, peep, what ails the poor Creatures



such a coil to keep? Ev'n that, that once made the Thirteen Cows to bellow, and to keep to our Author,



here's to thee my good fellow.



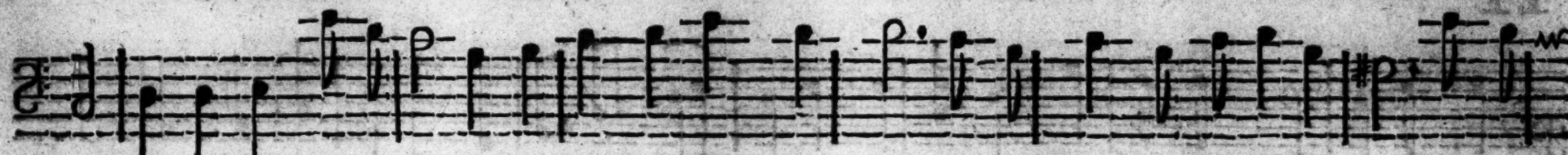
OUr Friend at the Meremai'ds down, down, at *Punts* there is evil *Sack*, 'tis Poison all at the Crown; at

(103) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]



Figs let us take thy motion, *Will* is good, as to what concerns the *Cyder*, but then there's a thing in a Hood



no flesh a live can abide her, the Liquor's wholesome, right, 'tis a Purge and a Vomit too, for the



Liquor will make a Man S—, make him S—, and the Landlady mak e him Spew.

(104) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]



Taking his Beer with Old *Anacharsis*, quoth surly Swash buckler you Wife Sir mine A— is, *Vous avez* quoth



Sage, she's a homely brown Lass, but after a bumper or two she may pass : Th'advice was so right, it con-



—verted Sir Knight, who all his life after Drank Satur—day Night.



Here's a Health to Queen *Ann*, Who has said from the Throne, that Her Heart is true *English* as



well as our own; that Her Heart is true *English*, Her Heart is true *English*, as well as our own;



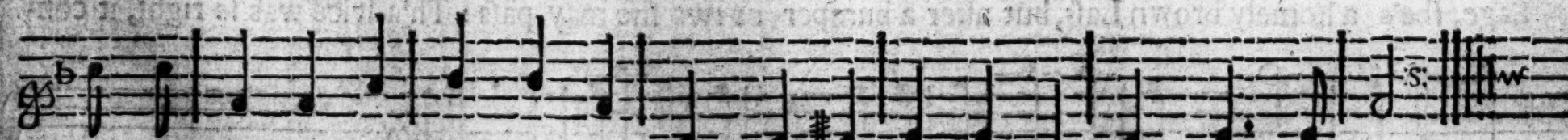
And the Church fix'd by Law is resolv'd to maintain; thro' the course of Her Life, and the course of Her



Reign; thro' the course of Her Life, thro' the course of Her Life, and the course of Her Reign; Thus we



need not to fear a--ny danger to come, while our Arms Rule abroad, and our Queen Reigns at home;



while our Arms Rule abroad, while our Arms Rule abroad, and our Queen Reigns at home.



L Et the grave folks go Preach, that our lives are but short, and tell us much Wine, speedy Death does in—



—vite ; but we'll be reveng'd before-hand with them for't, and crowd a Life's Mirth in the space of a Night :



Then stand all about with your Glasse full crown'd, till ev'-ry thing else to our Posture do grow ; till our



Cups and our Heads, and the whole House go round, and the Celler becomes where the Chamber is now.



The Sun in the Rays of his rich Morning Gown, shall be Rival'd by Faces as bright as his own, and wonder



that Mortals can fud-dle a-way, more Wine in a night than he Wa-ter i'th' day.

(107) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch upon a Coffe-Mill.]



I N this Mill you may Grind, may Grind, you may Grind without Water or Wind, without Water or



Wind you may Grind, you may Grind without Water or Wind. But the best, best way to Grind, to Grind is 'twixt



Water and Wind, 'twixt Wa—ter and Wind, 'twixt Wa—ter and Wind; where tho' never so of-ten the



Hopper, the Hop—per you fill, you'll still find there's wanting more Grist, more Grist, more Grist to the Mill.

(108) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Jeremy Clarke.



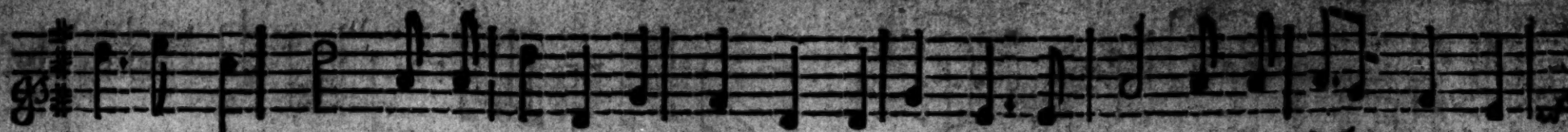
I N Drinking full Bumper there is no deceit, then let's not re—pine at our sit-ing up late;



Come light all your Pipes, up, no Sun we do need, we can see what we Drink by the

(108) A. 3. *Voc.*

[*A Catch.*]



light of the Weed, may our Jolly Club ne'er by In-truders be broke, then our for—row in



clouds shall af-cend like our Smoak.

(109) A. 3. *Voc.*

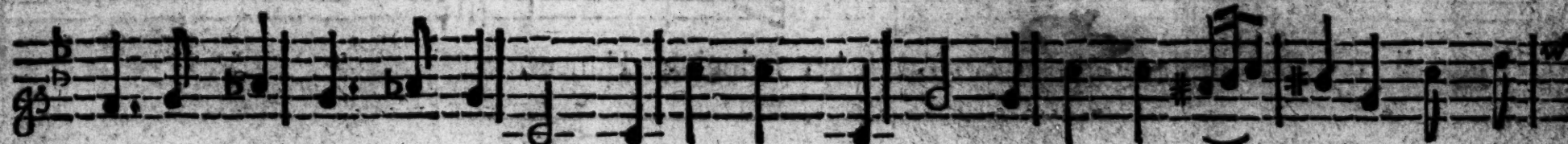
[*A Catch.*]



S Ay, good Master *Bacchus*, a—stride on you Butt, since our *Champagn's* all gone, and our



Claret's run out; Which of all the brisk Wines in you Empire that grow, will serve to de—



—light your poor Drunkards be—low? Resolve us, Grave Sir, and soon fend it o-ver, lest we

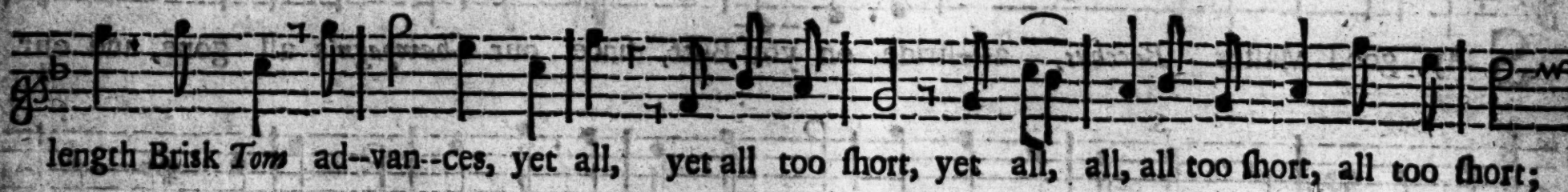
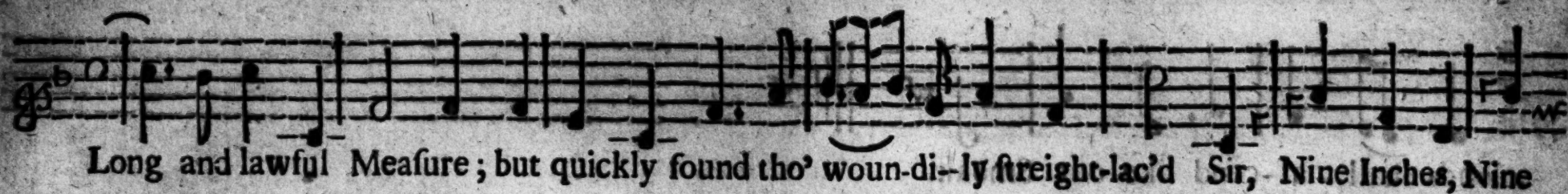


dye, lest we dye of the Sin of be'n Sober.

(110) 4. Voc.

[Tom the Taylor.]

Mr. Henry Hall.



(111) A. 4. Voc.

[A Catch.]



(112) *The Bedford Catch for Three Voices: Being and Epitaph upon Two good Wives; the one Dead and the other Living. Compos'd by Mr. Richard Brown.*



I *Thomas of Bedford* this Monument made, for a pair of good Wives; tho' but one of 'em's dead: *Alice*



P—I did of *Clarkenwell* Parish descend: and *Ann* my surviving from the Saints of *Wood-end*. This work I at—



—tempted with sorrow and woe; cause one Wife was dead; and the other not so: How-ever the Vertues of



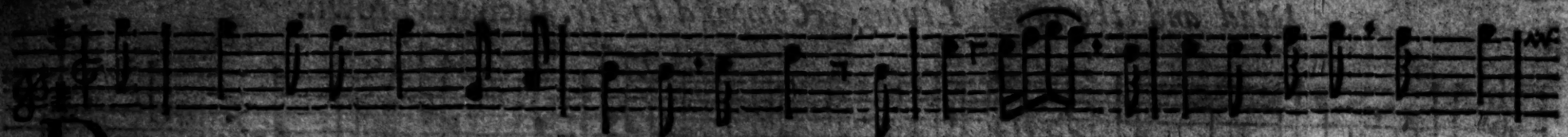
her I now have, make my Burden more ea-sie, till both are in Grave. This has got all the Graces of



her that is gone, and o're and above 'em some few of her own: But a-las! oh a-las! that such



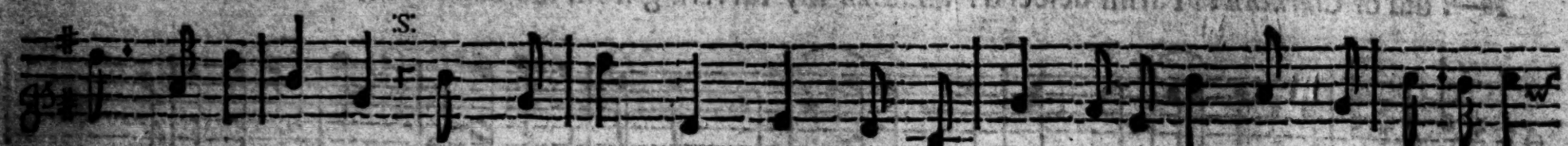
Goods shou'd de-cay, that e'er they shou'd dye or be ta-ken a-way.



DRagoons have a care, here's a health to the Czar; we'll all, all, we'll all do the mighty *Russ*



Reason: Examine your Cup, that you drink it all up, if you leave but one drop, if you leave but one



drop, 'tis high Treason: won'd you drink, drink, drink, won'd you drink like a *Russ*, while you take it off



thus, fill with Pepper improve your weak Brandy: and then to be just, to give it a gust, still, still let



Nitre supply, supply Sugar-can-dy. Thus arm'd, let it Blow, let it Hail, let it Snow, let it Hail, let it



Snow; it will ne'er make our Hero look thin Sir, warm without, with the Hair of his

(113) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]



dear Brother Bear, and the Cordial, the Cordial I wot on, I wot on with-in Sir.

(114) A. 4. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Dr. Turner.



Here's a Health to our Fleet, to our Great King and Queen ; whilst the Cannon do roar, and the



Steeple do Ring, with Fires Triumphant the Ci-ty shall Shine, as *Tourville's* burnt Squadrons



en—ligh—ten the main ; may the Tyrant of *France*, thus be humbled each day, may his Armes



fall by Land, as his Na—vy at Sea ; whilst *William* and *Ma-ry* with Trophies are Crown'd,



may this be our wish as the Bumpers go round.

(115) A. 3. Voc.

[Kind Jenny.]

Dr. John Blow.



I 'LL Tell my Mother my *Jenny* cries, and then a poor lan-guishing Lover dies; but ye-faith I be—



—leave the Gip-sey lies, for all she is so grave and wise: She longs to be tickl'd, to be tickl'd, to be



tickl'd, she longs to be tickl'd; Oh! she longs to be tickl'd.

(116) A. 3. Voc.

[A Yorkshire Epitaph on two Abby-Lubbers.]

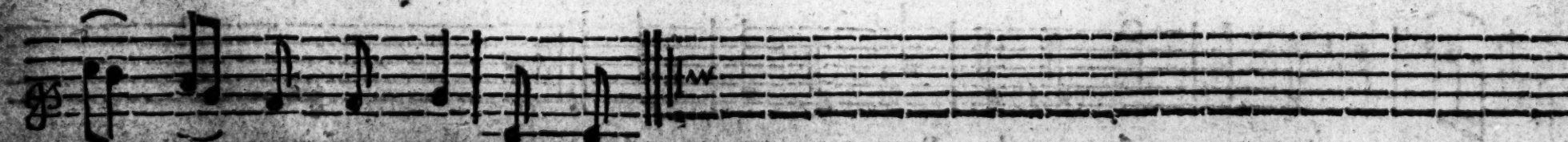
Dr. Blow.



U Ds nigs! here ligs, *John Digs*, and *Richard Digger*, and to say the truth, to say the truth, none know



which was the bigger; they fared well, and lived ea-sie, and now they're dead, and now they're dead, and



now they're dead, and shall pleas- ye.

(117) *A Catch for 3 Voices, upon a Prophecy, and Hieroglyphick of the late Mr. Will. Lilly the Astrologer; the Words by Mr. D'Ursey. Sett by Mr. John Eccles.*



I N Seventeen hundred, and three told twice o-ver, we're like to hear very good tidings from *Dover*; A



Lioness Passant, A-strologers tell ye, extends her Paw Royal to grapple the Lilly; the mark on her



side that so closely does press her, is noted to be the Queens Cypher God bless her; th'enigma so dark,



how we *France* shall be leaguer, you may find out at *Kingston*, of honest *Tom Eager*; Old *Tom* was con—



firm'd in't and 'twas no Illusion, that his Four score and Sev'n, should see *Monsieur's* confusion; if a year or two



more pass, 'tis not to be wonder'd, he that's Jovial at Ninety, may live to a Hundred.

A. B. C.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Henry Hall.



Come all ye high Church men, come all and rejoyce; your Darling is now in no danger brave Boys, no



danger, no danger, no danger, no danger, no danger brave boys: ev'ry Whig is turn'd Loy-al and



trims with the Court, and what they once ruin'd, now swear they'll support; now swear, now swear, now



swear, now swear, now swear they'll support; thus between John and Martin, her time she well



passes, and if you han't faith to believe it you're Asses; believe it, believe it,



believe it, believe it, believe it you're Asses.

(119) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. M.



Quoth *Jack* on a time to *Tom* I'll declare it, I've a mind we shou'd fuddle our Noses with Claret; Say's



Tom it will do you more harm than you think, fye on you says *Jack* who can live without drink; I'll



ne're baulk my Wine here's to thy dispose; *Tom* pretends not to drink, pray look on his Nose.

(120)

[A Catch to a Minuet. Mr. Tho. Ridd.]

Mr. Williams's.



Let's fuddle our Noses *Tom* and be merry, with a Glas of good strengthning Sherry; and never plot, plot



more, but of Wine to get store; since we see that we always miscarry; Rich bumpers on us no mischeif will

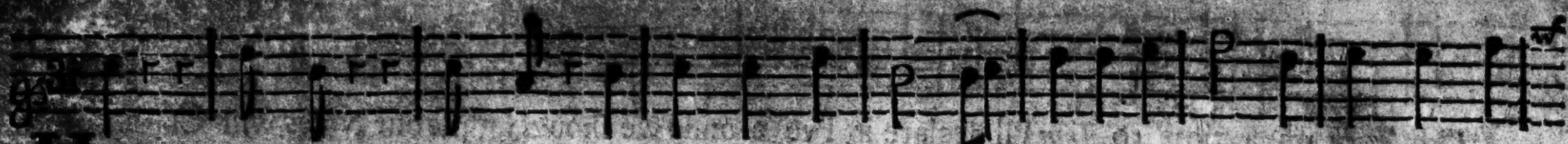


bring, but Plotting will send's to Hell in a String.

A. J. Pae.

[A Catch.]

Mr. John Eccles.



Hark! Harry, Harry, Hark! Harry 'tis late; come let us be gone, for West-minster



Tom by my Faith strikes One. Say'st a so, say'st a so, say'st thou so, ho-nest Lad, what



makes him so sawcy to strike One and yet not tell us the cause Why? pish, pish, pish,



pish, 'twas done in good part to get us a-way, and will cer-tain-ly double his



blow if we stay.



F I N I S.